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ACCORDING to dispatches from Essen the workers of the Ruhr are having an object-lesson in the way M. Poincaré's "reparations" must be paid. The industrial masters have informed the representatives of the employees that unless they will consent to a ten-hour day, the output will not suffice to satisfy the French demands and leave sufficient profit to make production worth while. The workers are thus faced with the alternative of yielding to the demand for longer hours, or of having the plants closed, with the result of general unemployment and starvation. This is their derisive reward for ten months of heroic resistance to the French invasion. The situation offers some fine ready-made propaganda for the Communists in Germany, and doubtless they can be counted on to make the best of it. A few more striking demonstrations of this kind may well serve to paint all the German labour-organizations a most effective red.

CURRENT COMMENT.

THE abortive *putsch* of the Hitler-Ludendorff faction in Bavaria was chiefly significant in demonstrating the ineffectiveness of the tottering central Government at Berlin. The mere news of the uprising in Munich apparently shattered the nerves of Messrs. Stresemann and Ebert, and their resources seemed to be expended in calling out the police to keep order in their own capital. Dictator von Kahr of Bavaria, himself openly defiant of Berlin, took measures to squelch the *putsch* while Hitler was pompously reviewing parades of his followers. Somewhat belatedly von Kahr seemed to awake to the fact that if a political go-getter like Hitler, buttressed with the prestige of a war-hero, usurped the centre of the stage, he himself would have to be content with a minor rôle. Yet, after trapping his men, he was plainly faced with embarrassment, and so Ludendorff was released on a promise of future good behaviour, and Hitler was allowed to escape—and start reorganizing his Fascist bands!

CHANCELLOR STRESEMANN, it would appear, can derive very little comfort from this episode. Moreover it is difficult to see how he can reap anything but trouble from the reappearance of the former Crown Prince in Germany, on permission granted from Berlin. M. Poincaré will be able to use the return of the scion of the House of Hohenzollern to popularize an even more relentless policy against the Reich, and he may rouse considerable sympathy in England and other countries. He has already rallied to him the Council of Ambassadors as an ally of sorts, and he has participated personally in three notes from the Council to Herr Stresemann, one declaring opposition to any dictatorship in Germany, another asserting a desire to investigate the armed forces of the Reich to determine whether they exceed the limitations imposed by the treaty of Versailles, and the third protesting against the issuance of a passport admitting the Crown Prince. It is a fair guess that in the event of any serious move by the German monarchists, either with or without the co-operation of the Stresemann Government, French forces will speedily be marching towards Berlin. Meanwhile the financial situation in Germany is reflected in the estimate of a German economist that a pfennig, gold, is now worth some twenty car-loads of paper marks.

THE re-election of a Republican majority in the New York Assembly has revived agitation over the strange system of representation designed to place the city at the mercy of corrupt politicians controlling a number of up-State rotten-boroughs. Six of the rural counties in the State, each of which returns one Assemblyman, have a combined population equal to only one-sixth of the population of the first six Assembly districts in Manhattan Borough. The average population of an Assembly district in the city is 90,000, and of the other districts in the State only 30,000. This partial disfranchisement of the metropolitan electors gives the politicians a golden opportunity to manoeuvre groups of puppet-legislators for purposes of graft and blackmail for which the hapless New Yorkers must pay. The people of the city have been mulcted so often by these irresponsible up-State lawmakers, acting in co-operation with privileged groups, that the city's electors have by comparison formed the habit of looking upon their own local brand of Tammany politician with high patriotic regard; and there is considerable sentiment in favour of a secession from the State and the establishment of a sort of Tammany Free State.

SECRETARY MELLON's programme for cutting the Federal taxes by about a third of a billion dollars has now been revealed in detail, and it is to be hoped that Congress will make this the first order of business before it becomes entangled in purely political discussions. Most of Mr. Mellon's reductions apparently will affect the lower grades of taxable earned incomes, and that is eminently desirable. If, as many persons will maintain, his paring down of the higher surtaxes seems a bit over-generous in proportion to his general scheme, that matter can be threshed out and adjusted by the lawmakers. His proposal to abolish the remainder of the nuisance-taxes, including those on theatre-tickets and other admissions, will find general support, and so will his plans for tightening loosely-drawn sections of the law which enable persons of large means legally to wipe off appreciable portions of their obligations by shrewd methods of book-keeping.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has been so frugal with words since his accession that even such an inconsequential thing as a Thanksgiving Proclamation from him is of interest.

Indeed we find his Proclamation worthy of attention for its own sake, for it stands out as an expression of simplicity and clarity. In our world of political obfuscations these are rare qualities, so rare indeed that though one may violently disagree with Mr. Coolidge, criticism is somewhat disarmed by the astonishing discovery that here is a President who expresses himself in plain, lucid English. We can not help recalling that his more amiable predecessor in the White House laboured with a style that inspired Mr. Henry Mencken with the simile of a hippopotamus struggling out of a lake of boiling molasses. President Wilson sometimes so divorced himself from the realities that his utterances were likely to be devoid of all significance; and before him we had the sincere pomposities of Mr. Taft and Theodore Roosevelt's overcrowded staccato. In literary manner Mr. Coolidge is such an improvement that we are inclined to forgive him for a summons to Thanksgiving in which, somewhat in the manner of a public accountant, he strikes a yearly balance of blessings and misfortunes, as if he were practically inclined to apply an adding-machine to Providence.

We mean always to be respectful to the great whether present or past, and we certainly have no wish to magnify their failings beyond those of ordinary men. Mr. Wilson's address on the significance of Armistice Day, however, was such a shocking exhibition of spleen and bad taste as not easily to be passed over in silence. Because the United States had the good sense to keep out of the vicious entanglement of the treaty of Versailles which Mr. Wilson helped to frame—a treaty whose text he long refused to make public beyond the confines of a Senate committee, the details of whose negotiations he long stubbornly kept to himself, and the most objectionable provision of which he as stubbornly refused even to think of changing—the former spokesman of a safe democratic world now addresses his fellow-countrymen in such terms as "ignoble" and "cowardly," and broadcasts his ill-mannered epithets from one end of the country to the other. Clearly, in his view, the United States is the chief culprit in this lawless and sinful world. Perhaps it is, but we can hardly think that the Democrats, who have been anxiously waiting for some word from their oracle, will take much comfort from this pronouncement.

THE agreement which is reported to have been made between the United States and Great Britain regarding the treatment of liquors brought by British vessels into American territorial waters, raises a Constitutional question whose answer may have considerable effect upon Mr. Hughes's reputation. Assuming, as we probably may, that the agreement will be embodied in a treaty or convention which the Senate will be asked to ratify, the curious situation will apparently be presented of using a treaty to interpret the Constitution by digging the sand out from under a decision of the Supreme Court. It is familiar Constitutional doctrine that a treaty may override a law, and that a law may trench upon a treaty. Can a treaty set aside a provision of the Constitution as authoritatively interpreted by the Supreme Court? According to Mr. Hughes, the agreement which he has concluded would seem to bear only upon the Volstead Act, in support of which the Supreme Court has held that under no circumstances can alcoholic liquors be brought within the three-mile limit. It has been pointed out, however, that the Department of Justice, in arguing the case for the Government, insisted throughout that the prohibition in question was inherent in the Prohibitory Amendment, and that the Volstead Act, in spite of its rigours, was only a proper interpretation and application of the Amendment. As the Supreme Court sustained the Government contention, it is

difficult to see how the "clear intent" of the Constitution at this point would be changed even if the Volstead Act were cut from the film; and if that be so, Mr. Hughes's treaty looks dangerously like an open flouting of the Constitution.

EVERY little while some accident or other gives the newspapers a chance to remind us that the loss of an arm or an eye, or of some combination of anatomical parts, is of more consequence financially than the loss of life, and that it may be worth more money to the victim to lose a leg than to have his nerves shattered. How much is national honour worth in comparison with the personal injuries or losses for which the payment of indemnities is now and then exacted? The question is raised in a pointed fashion by the disposition which the Italian Government is reported to have made of the fifty million lire extorted from Greece on account of the killing of certain Italian subjects in Albania. According to the Paris *Quotidien*, two million lire only has been awarded to the families of the four men who were murdered, one million of this amount going to the family of General Tellini. The remaining forty-eight million, apparently, is to be credited to the account of national honour. Proportions have changed somewhat since the time when, in mediaeval Russia, one who murdered a member of the highest rank in a prince's retinue paid exactly the same amount in composition to the relatives of the murdered person as was paid in fine to the prince. It strikes us that four per cent to relatives and ninety-six per cent to Mussolini is a little unfair even for Italy.

A LARGE number—reports in the Manchester *Guardian* estimate it at upwards of 3000—of the 15,000 political prisoners in Irish jails and internment-camps started a concerted hunger-strike at the end of October under the slogan of "freedom or the grave," and, if one may judge by meagre reports that have trickled into the press, a number of the recalcitrants are in a precarious condition. Apparently in numerous instances the weakened strikers have been treated with harsh brutality, and reports have reached American sympathizers of transfers from one jail to another in which the prisoners were compelled to march handcuffed for considerable distances, after being held in a prison-yard without water for half a day. The *Irish Statesman*, a not uncritical supporter of the Free State Government, takes the view that if the prisoners had not started their passive defiance of the authorities they would have been released speedily in any event. This may be so, and yet, although many weeks have passed since the Republicans announced the end of their armed warfare, the Government showed no inclination to let the captives go. It may be, as the *Statesman* suggests, that the strike was a mere gesture of martyrdom, the action of men who wished to starve their way out rather than be let out; but that does not alter the fact that as long as thousands of political dissenters are kept under lock and key, the term "Free State" must be a mockery and a sham.

RARELY does the press approach the subject of politics with such cleansing common sense as was exhibited by Mr. Roy K. Moulton in an article which appeared the other day in the New York *Evening Mail*. Candidates and candidate-pushers are hard up for something to talk about, says Mr. Moulton; and naturally so, because "it seems that both the great political parties stand for the same things, in a way of speaking, which means that neither at the present time stands for much of anything in particular." The speech-crop has been frostbitten; and in order to avert the impending famine, Mr. Moulton

himself offers the spellbinders an oration which he says is composed of the best portions of the political speeches he has heard during the last twenty years, and is guaranteed to meet the needs of all parties, the requirements of all occasions, and the exigencies of every issue. We should like to reproduce this excellent piece of spoofing entire (it appeared in the *Mail* for 3 November), but we confine ourselves to the wind-up: ". . . vote for that upright citizen, that distinguished diplomat, that astute business man, that resourceful executive, Lycurgus T. Pooch, who . . . grand old flag . . . our forefathers who came over in the 'Mayflower' . . . and then at Bunker Hill . . . the grand old Constitution of these United States . . . the Star-Spangled Banner . . . from Maine to California . . . oh, say, can you see . . . the gem of the ocean . . . shall wave from the Aurora Borealis to the day of judgment . . . one and inseparable . . . now and for ever . . . good night."

ONE of the advertised features of the aerial carnival held recently near New York City, with the co-operation of the air-services of the army and the navy, was the destruction by bombing-planes of a town constructed for the occasion and "supposed to be inhabited by 3000 persons." Inasmuch as the so-called laws of war, as recently revised, have put the bombing of non-military places on the prohibited list, the performance at the aviation-field on Long Island is in questionable taste; but perhaps our airmen are only fooling, and would not bomb a town except in fun. If we put the story in that form, it will make better reading for the little brown brothers of Latin America who have borrowed money from us, and who may have to be bombarded into a sound financial condition at any time. The project recently announced at Washington, of surveying an air-line from the Canal Zone across the Central American States, is one more intimation of the fact that the ends of dollar-diplomacy may now be very easily and economically arrived at.

IN the *Locomotive Engineers Journal* for November Mr. Laurence Todd, Washington correspondent of the Federated Press, gives some interesting data regarding the growth of the co-operative movement among the railway-workers in Russia, gathered during his recent visit. Nearly fifty per cent of the earnings of the 1,100,000 railway-men are now spent in their own co-operative stores, managed by the Transport Section of the All-Russian Co-operative Union. According to Mr. Todd, the Transport Section "has its own local societies and its own stores everywhere along the railroad-lines, and at steamship-landings on the river-routes." It operates five factories, a shoe-factory turning out 10,000 pairs of heavy footgear a month, a tannery, a clothing-factory, a printing-establishment and a book-bindery, all working at virtually the pre-war standard of production. "Co-operative production-costs are lower than those of the State-trust plants in Russia," adds Mr. Todd significantly, "so the railroad men find these enterprises a real economy." The wages of the railway-workers are now seventy per cent of the pre-war wage based on commodity-values, but with all their co-operative advantages the men find themselves much better off than before the war.

AFTER a brief career of a few weeks the New York *Leader*, the only English-language daily hereabouts representing the point of view of labour, has died from lack of financial nourishment. It could not secure sufficient advertising to sustain its overhead, and the \$75,000 capital furnished by the Garland Fund and by certain local labour-organizations was rapidly consumed. Probably the demise was hastened by the openly hostile attitude taken by

the Gompersian labour-hierarchy, which, in its present state of mind, would be likely to oppose any forward-looking labour-periodical. The fiasco is pitiable, though no better result was to be expected. The labour-movement ought to be powerful enough to sustain a competitive daily newspaper in the metropolitan field, but as yet it does not possess either the leadership, the vision or the solidarity to make its power effective; witness the fact that although the *Leader* was sufficiently interesting to be worth buying for its own sake, only 20,000 persons in this industrial city of over five million population took the trouble to patronize it.

MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL has faced American audiences with criticisms of our civilization which are worthy of serious consideration, for they are the product of sympathetic observation rather than of bias or self-interest. He is, as far as our knowledge goes, the only distinguished foreign visitor with sufficient candour to point out that our prohibition-law is a fraud. To do away with intemperance is a splendid ideal, he declares, but to carry on the statute-books a prohibitory law which in practice affects only one class of the population, and is openly honoured only in the breach among the upper strata of society, is rank hypocrisy. Mr. Zangwill intimates that we are a people considerably bamboozled by our own institutions, and preyed upon by curious prejudices. He discusses the Klan and other American phenomena of intolerance, and concludes that "there is very little of honour, dignity or justice in this country as compared with England." It is a bitter thing that Americans can find no valid answer to this forthright judgment. All we can do is to make an accounting in our own hearts, and resolve to recapture for ourselves the qualities we have carelessly dissipated since our years of innocence. Meanwhile Mr. Zangwill is deserving of American gratitude. His well-tempered observations have been a happy antidote to the sickening adulations of Mr. Lloyd George.

THAT our characteristic Western civilization will disappear suddenly in a cataclysmic way, perhaps by suicide, is open to great doubt, although politicians and publicists who have axes to grind have the habit of stirring our emotions with some such horrific picture. That it will disintegrate from internal causes and reshape itself, however, seems beyond doubt. One has only to pick up a volume of Dr. Schliemann's researches into the buried civilizations of Mycenae and Tiryns, or an account of the early civilization of Crete, to see the preposterousness of assuming that our own civilization has the elements of permanence. No civilization can be permanent except that which satisfies all the claims of the human spirit—the claim of workmanship or expansion, the claim of knowledge, social life and manners, religion, beauty and poetry, all held in the perfection of harmony and balance. Our civilization satisfies the first claim quite well, the second tolerably, and the others not at all. Is it not inevitable, then, that a civilization which satisfies more of these claims, held in better balance, will supersede ours even though itself be not final?

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

M. POINCARÉ'S POSITION.

THE French Premier has clapped an extinguisher firmly upon the proposal for a conference of experts to determine Germany's ability to pay. To an easy-going man, the proposal might seem fair enough, but M. Poincaré is not easy-going. He is meticulous and thorough, and on occasion can be obdurate. He smelt a rat in this proposal; he foresaw the likelihood that many other matters would be haled into its purview, such as the amount of the indemnity and the occupation of the Ruhr; and he has no notion whatever of permitting discussion of these issues. He therefore accepted the proposal "in principle," and expressed himself as quite ready to accept it in fact, provided that nothing really worth discussing should be discussed by the conference. Hence the project seems to have broken down, and the "international situation" is left about where it was before Lord Curzon and Mr. Hughes exchanged their epoch-making diplomatic notes.

The view which the newspapers present of the international situation is so befuddling that we think it useful to make a statement of it in the simplest terms. M. Poincaré (if once more we may repeat what we have already often said) has two objects in mind: first, to make the military supremacy of France over Europe so secure as to be beyond challenge; second, to keep possession of the mineral resources which he has cabbaged in the occupied portions of Germany. So far, he has been to all appearances very successful in both enterprises; and his success has worked greatly to the prejudice of his late brethren in arms, notably Great Britain. M. Poincaré's energetic policy, which has pretty well converted central Europe into a howling wilderness, has cut heavily into British commerce; and England would fain see a season of peace and recuperation set in upon her old markets, for the sake of reviving her withered trade. As a matter of benevolence and general goodwill, no doubt M. Poincaré is sorry to see things dragging a bit with his old comrades; but nevertheless he feels impelled to point out that as a responsible statesman he has no latitude in the matter, that he is proceeding strictly according to the treaty of Versailles, which British statesmanship helped to frame, which British statesmen signed, and by the terms of which Britain has profited, according to her own choice and preference, by the addition to the British Empire of nearly a couple of million square miles of territory stolen from the late enemy. Under the circumstances, therefore, if British industry and commerce have dropped off a bit, it is the fortunes of war; and however much M. Poincaré may regret it unofficially, as a responsible statesman he can not so far confuse benevolence with business as to make any concessions to it. He must stand by the integrity of the treaty of Versailles as Luther stood by the integrity of his theses.

II

This paper, as our readers are well aware, regards M. Poincaré's policies with utter detestation, and it regards M. Poincaré himself, "the first gravedigger of Europe," as the very worst and most dangerous man in the world's public life. We have studied his activities with great care since the formation of the Delcassé-Poincaré-Millerand-Isvolsky combination which brought upon the world such appalling and catastrophic calamities; and we express our opinion of him with-

out reservation. Nothing is gained, however, by taking a false and prejudiced view of any man's position, whether he be the worst of men or the best; and it is impossible to survey M. Poincaré's position in the present premises without coming to the conclusion that he is quite right.

In the view of justice, reason, morals, honour and decency, the treaty of Versailles is a monstrous and iniquitous document. It is a straight charter of brigandage, a licence to highwaymanry, and it marks its authors and promoters as on the moral plane of troglodytes. Nevertheless, in the view of international law it is a valid agreement drawn up and signed by legal representatives of a score of nations; and its provisions are therefore binding, if any agreement can be regarded as binding, upon the political authorities of those nations. If those provisions are to be modified, they must be modified by formal agreement; no nation or nations within that agreement can modify it of their own motion otherwise than by formal denunciation. This we understand to be the position of M. Poincaré; and not only from his own premises but from those of all the signatory nations, it is difficult indeed to see that he is not wholly correct. M. Poincaré, we understand, holds further that the work of such a conference as has been proposed must be carried on in subordination to the Reparations Commission created by the treaty. He holds that the amount of indemnity, as indicated by the treaty, can not come under review; and he holds that the action of France in taking and holding the Ruhr district as a guarantee of indemnity-payment can not be discussed. Well, if a treaty be a treaty and an agreement be an agreement, his position appears impregnable. The moral view of the treaty is one thing, and the legal view of it is quite another. If one or more of the signatory nations be dissatisfied with the treaty, whether because the moral view of it does not correspond closely enough with the legal view, or for any other reason, it is perfectly competent for them to denounce the treaty in due course; and we can not imagine M. Poincaré putting a straw in the way of such procedure. But nominally to maintain the integrity of the treaty, while at the same time actually disregarding or whittling down any of its provisions, is another matter entirely; and the attempt to do just this is what M. Poincaré appears to suspect in the proposal for a conference.

He is undoubtedly correct in these suspicions. In moving for a conference, it is by no means the injustice and iniquity of the treaty that concern Lord Curzon; he is concerned with the practical inconvenience occasioned by some of its provisions. His wish is to get rid of the inconvenience and at the same time to keep the general benefit accruing to England under the treaty. It is for this purpose that he tried to enlist the interest of Mr. Hughes. If Lord Curzon should proceed honestly and say that the treaty is improper and ought to be amended, M. Poincaré might reply at once that a very good place to begin to amend it would be in the disposition of the German colonies!—and here again his position would be impregnable. We do not see how there can be any discrimination between the loot of the Ruhr and the loot of the colonies. When Lord Curzon attempted to show that M. Poincaré had made an improper interpretation of the clause of the treaty under which he took sanction for the occupation of the Ruhr, M. Poincaré had no trouble whatever in pointing out that his interpretation had had the approval of both Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Lloyd George, and that none other of the signatory Powers had objected to it.

With regard to M. Poincaré's attitude towards Germany, also, it is impossible for the most ardent friend of Germany to deny that by signing the treaty, and by adopting a "policy of fulfillment," Germany took on herself a very grave responsibility and put the law and the facts quite far over on M. Poincaré's side of the present contention. There is no doubt that Germany signed the treaty under duress, and that an instrument signed under duress is invalid. But let us assume, for example, that an individual signs a promissory note under duress; that he does not repudiate it, but professes his intention of paying it, does pay something on it now and then, borrows a little here and there in order to pay more, and keeps the obligation alive and going for a matter of two or three years; there is no doubt that under such circumstances the plea of invalidity loses a good deal of its value. If Germany had stuck to the ground taken by Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau, and refused to sign the treaty or to accept sole responsibility for the war, her moral position would be unimpeachable, and her physical condition would at least not be worse than it has turned out to be under the mistaken policy which she adopted. In his attitude towards Germany, therefore, as well as towards his late associates, M. Poincaré appears to be observing—most punctiliously—everything that is nominated in the bond.

III

All talk of putting pressure upon M. Poincaré to give up his perfectly legal advantage for the advantage of some one else seems to us illusory and futile, as long as the other party or parties concerned propose to give up nothing whatever. His advantage is ruinous to Europe, and it is being used ruinously; but as long as he is in the great general game of seeking nationalist advantage, the correctness of his procedure must be acknowledged, no matter what may be—indeed, must be—thought of it on other grounds. The point is that all the surreptitious interventionist tactics, like this proposal for a conference of experts, that are designed to cut in between M. Poincaré and his aims, which are perfectly lawful under the treaty, not only will fail but deserve to fail; and if the United States is wheedled or dragooned into any connivance at them, the more fool she! M. Poincaré, as we have frequently remarked, is strong enough in a military sense to cause any Power or combination of Powers to think twice before they blow down him to see whether he is loaded. He knows how to raise the cry of "isolation" as soon as the opportunity offers; and those of us who are more than ten years old have had a most impressive exhibit of what happens when that is done.

The hopelessness of the present political situation in Europe is due to the fact that nothing can be done to better it without formally destroying the treaty of Versailles, lock, stock and barrel, and that no Power is willing to forgo its own nationalist advantage under the treaty for the sake of getting it out of the way. M. Poincaré can not be browbeaten, cozened or chivied out of his advantage while the other Powers hold to theirs; and they all hold on like grim death. The situation, in short, waits for the moral effect of some proposal from somebody who is honestly willing to give up something for the general good; and from all appearances, it will wait some time yet, and meanwhile go rapidly from bad to worse. Perhaps if Great Britain should offer to toss the stolen colonies into the pot, and the United States should offer to make a bonfire of the outstanding IOU's, the moral effect upon M. Poincaré might amount to something. If he

could be convinced that they meant it, he might be willing to talk business. We do not recommend these two sacrifices in particular, but they occur to us merely as illustrations of the kind of proposal that must be forthcoming from somewhere before Europe can be rid of the incubus of the Versailles treaty. M. Poincaré's position is a most eloquent witness—strange, after these last ten years, that it should be needed!—to the utter vanity of seeking peace unless one also ensue it. Every day that he lives is a reminder that there can be no peace in Europe under the treaty, and hence that any effort after peace which is not aimed directly at the destruction of the treaty is worse than wasted.

PENNY-WISE.

For a considerable period the gospel of thrift has been promoted with great zeal in the United States. It is preached from pulpits ostensibly devoted to the tenets of a master who told his followers to take no material thought for the morrow, but to concern themselves with laying up treasures in heaven, where moth and rust do not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal. It is persistently on the lips of wastrel politicians, especially in addressing their poorer constituents. Naturally it figures lavishly in the propaganda of the banking brethren, especially those enlisted in promoting institutions for savings, who re-enforce their persuasiveness with imposing statistics indicating that the way of the spendthrift is hard. From numerous sources, in short, our young men and women find themselves confronted with a fine assortment of precepts all tending to show that good citizenship, morality and prudent self-interest impel them not to waste their substance, but to put something aside, especially in the form of periodical deposits in a savings-bank, for the inevitable rainy season. Occasionally this steady run of argument is intensified in a "thrift week," during which docile editorial writers and orators, to say nothing of the absentee moralists of the screens and the radio broadcasting-stations, besiege the underlying population with appeals for conservation.

This is all thoroughly seemly, as well as business-like, and we have no desire to oppose to it counsels of imprudence. Thrift is hardly a cardinal virtue, but it is well enough in its place, though we think some of the bankers and their friends among the good people make a somewhat disproportionate hullabaloo about it. In addition we must admit that some of the advertising on the subject seems to overreach itself, and we fear that thoughtful young persons who take it under consideration may be more inclined to squander their weekly surplus on riotous living rather than enroll it in the credit-column of a bank-book.

"Where will you be at sixty-five?" reads a monitory query addressed by some of our money-changers to the passers-by. The legend is accompanied by a drawing showing two contrasted figures. One is a prosperous elderly citizen, who has presumably stowed away his pennies in the four-per-cent strong-box, entering his smart limousine; the other reveals the inveterate waster dragging his rags and his aged bones towards the poor-house. The moral is fair enough, if we grant a perpetually stable society; yet we can not help recalling that we have recently emerged from a war, the causes of which were not unconnected with the romantic adventures and entanglements of gentlemen engaged in the business of banking; a war which knocked several of the most stable societies in the world into cocked hats, and wiped out or mutilated indiscriminately several millions of the thrifty and the unthrifty alike. As

one surveys dispassionately the present state of the world, it seems a safe prediction that there will be at least one more such war within the next four decades, so that our young friends of twenty are unlikely to get much insurance for their sixty-fifth birthday out of a row of figures attached to their names in a booklet issued by even the most respectable institution. By that time they may have succumbed to a sniff of poison gas, the bank may have been squeezed dry by some future Poincaré, and the very tokens they deposited may have lost their meaning.

Another poster that has attracted our eye displays a gentleman of the reassuring iron-grey type, his hand upon a young man's shoulder, giving counsel. The text runs: "Experience says, do not spend all you earn. Put your savings in a bank." That is solid advice too. Doubtless many persons are heeding it, just as many persons have heeded such advice during the past fifty years in every country where the productive surplus makes banking a profitable business. Probably in Germany, the most highly-organized commercial unit in Europe, similar admonitions were widely displayed, and we can be certain that many an old-maid seamstress or school-teacher, many a struggling civil servant, scrimped and saved to add a weekly bit to the little pile in the bank as a security against old age. Think of the German schoolma'am, getting on in years, who had saved up a nest-egg of, let us say, fifty thousand marks. How she would comfort herself with that handsome figure, and pity her less prudent sisters who had wasted their surplus on millinery and similar ephemeral trumpery! We are dreaming, however, in terms of ten years ago. Last week the golden nest-egg, built up through years of such laborious self-denial, was worth one-one-hundred-thousandth of a loaf of bread—a crumb for a canary.

Our own country, one may object, is not Germany. Our country is strong, serene, untroubled, unfailingly prosperous. Yet ten years ago Germany was setting an example in material progress and prosperity for the rest of Europe. It possessed the most efficient and the least corrupt Government in the world. Among the peoples the Germans stood first in cultural achievement. Illiteracy had been banished. The workers were protected by the most generous humanitarian laws established in any society, and they were essentially the most contented industrial group in Europe. The social structure apparently rested on ineradicable foundations.

In a sense we are more remote from war than was Germany, but in another sense we are binding ourselves to war with golden chains. The late unpleasantness left us with most of the gold in the world, and the shrewd gentlemen who have this hoard in their control are compelled to farm it out to work for them throughout the earth, financing a concession here, taking a profitable note of hand from some not too prosperous Government there. Thus as money-lenders we, or at least our financial entrepreneurs, are securing an interest in many countries, and as soon as another international fracas occurs the young men of America are patriotically bound to protect these investments. We are on the firing-line, and nothing less than a millennial change in the whole system of society can take us out of it. In the course of six or a dozen wars we are going to get a severe mauling, because no nation can win its wars for ever; and then, for several generations, we are going to pay. When that day comes an American bank deposit will be worth considerably less than the book it is written in.

These reflections, we believe, are not unduly pessimistic. In expressing them we are put to some embar-

rassment, for as far as we know the officers and directors of savings-banks are sincere and deserving persons, concerned with the integrity of their clients' funds. It is to be assumed that they are aware that they are merely the custodians of tokens, and that these tokens are of value only in proportion to the stability of the society they represent. Beyond question wars and commitments for wars form the only immediate menace to that stability as far as our society is concerned, and therefore your conscientious banker must be a conscientious objector to the practices that make for wars. If he is not such an objector, his affection for thrift need not be taken seriously.

REFLECTIONS OF THE OTHER HALF.

WHEN Congress begins its long talk in December the agenda will include proposals for a measure, sponsored by the Secretary of Labour, designed to place still greater restrictions on immigrants. The days when America kept an open door for the poor and the oppressed of other lands are ended, apparently for ever. The inflow of aliens is already limited to a small proportion of its former stream, and newcomers are examined with meticulous care to determine whether they are "desirable" under the standards established by our political rulers. Persons with physical defects, or those likely to become public charges, are excluded as they always have been, and in addition applicants at our threshold are put through a severe rigmarole to make sure that they entertain no unorthodox social or political theories, especially of a humanitarian nature. Under the present system a Socrates or a Kropotkin would be sent back immediately to the country from which he came, and, as Mr. Israel Zangwill pointed out the other day, a Jesus would be barred on many counts. So far have the restrictive practices been carried that it was stated, only a few years back, that Irishmen who believed in the application of republican institutions in their own country found it impossible to enter this land of Jefferson and Lincoln.

The proposed new scheme goes a long way beyond even the present rigidities. It embraces provisions to compel aliens to be registered and finger-printed and to report regularly to the police. The Foreign Language Information Service has gathered a number of editorial comments from the foreign-language press in the United States on this Tsaristic scheme, and the comments indicate that our foreign-born citizens have come to the conclusion that they have been already sufficiently over-dosed with what one editor satirically refers to as "that mysterious process called 'Americanization.'"

Thus the Italian *Bulletino* of New York protests that "the proposed card of registration would place all foreigners on the same level of prejudice and hatred. It is humiliating for a man to think of himself as something signed, sealed and put in circulation by a police officer." The German *Westliche Post* of St. Louis refers to the registration-proposal as a humbugging scheme founded on one hundred percentism, and adds that trying to "change the philosophy and opinions of adults by ukase . . . savours of bureaucracy and tutelage." The Slovak *Narodne Noviny* of Pittsburgh calls the proposal "as inhuman as it is un-American," while the Slovene *Glas Naroda* of New York predicts that "all immigrants will land in the Rogues' Gallery if this law is passed." The Slovene *Proletarac* of Chicago declares that "the alien who gets in bad will find that he is an anarchist or whatever is in ill repute at the time, and will either go

to jail or on a visit to the old country"; and the Croatian *Radnik* of Chicago reinforces this with the blunt interpretation that the aim of the proposed measure is "to forbid alien workers to take part in strikes, and compel them to be strike-breakers."

We find ourselves thoroughly in sympathy with these outbursts, and we can appreciate the natural indignation which any self-respecting alien-born citizen must feel at the impudent assumption that all newcomers should be treated as criminal suspects and trailed by the police. Other aspects of the situation, however, give us more concern. For one thing we have dismal premonitions about the quality of the immigrants whom we are likely to get under the contemplated measure. Surely no resolute and high-hearted men and women, no persons with any feeling for liberty, any intellectual vision or any sense of human dignity, would care to venture into a country where strangers were formally made objects of suspicion and held under the most rigid espionage. America would get a sorry line of abject, dull-witted, lick-spittle human animals who would spread through our society the taint of their degradation. Moreover the law would give a great impetus to that official arrogance which has been so much in evidence since the war, and would pave the way to further restrictions of the liberties of the native population. There is more than a little truth in the warning of one of the foreign-language newspapers that, if such a statute can be sanctioned, native Americans also are likely in due course to find themselves "slaves, chained and finger-printed by the authorities, photographed and indexed in special registers."

The proposed monstrosity does not spring solely from the arrogance of political placeholders. It has its roots in the hatreds and intolerances inherited from the sheer insanity of the war-period, when mendacity took the form of a public service. The reign of intellectual terrorism in those days made servility a virtue, and essentially wiped out such democratic idealism as was inherent in American tradition. The process was continued when certain ideas of freedom liberated by the Russian Revolution revealed an ineradicable inferiority-complex in our highly-placed politicians and in exponents of a servile economic order. Captains of privilege joined with plump and contented placemen in the labour-ranks in a campaign of prejudice against foreigners, and against the ideas of a co-operative social order which were illuminating the hopes of great masses of the struggling people of Europe. As a Lithuanian editor in Boston remarks, the supply of immigrants whose main qualities are "strong backs and weak heads" has been appreciably reduced; hence powerful groups in the United States are determined on a drastic process of winnowing to make sure that newcomers are restricted to docile factory-fodder.

If that is the kind of citizenry we wish, it is undoubtedly the kind we shall get, and it must inevitably reflect itself in the character of our future civilization. The result must be a society in which many of the signers of the Declaration of Independence would not care to dwell, a society far removed from that of their vision when they felt impelled to risk their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honour in a movement against tyranny that became a conscious struggle for liberty in the terms of those simpler days. Probably many conscientious Americans will view the proposed law with trepidation, and will long for a rationalization of the present restrictions in accordance with the idea of an American that has passed. In the very nature of the circumstances they seem doomed to espouse a losing

cause. In any event, whatever course Congress may take, the very character of our material development would appear to make it now impossible for any foreigner to look upon a transmigration to America as an adventure in opportunity and freedom.

MISCELLANY.

THE truly civilized man must, I think, take umbrage at modern life for its rapacious treatment of his privacy. The mere mechanics of living whittle down almost to nothing the portion of one's life that is properly inaccessible to the public. With a telephone in one's house, with mails delivered every hour or two, with one's name in directories and on commercial lists of one kind or another, one is really on duty to the public all the time; and to keep off duty involves so much forethought and effort that it becomes in itself a fraying job. Moreover, one is on duty to a public that so largely wants nothing and for which one can do nothing; one is on duty, for the most part, to mere idleness and curiosity; and the cult, or rather the business, of publicity, which makes a commercial enterprise of invading and dissipating the integrity of the individual life, encourages idleness and curiosity and even invests them with a kind of respectability.

Hide thy life, said Epicurus; and the sight of a telephone-directory, a "Who's Who," or the biographical sketches of contributors that enterprising editors publish in periodicals, always brings the maxim to my mind. There now seems a certain irony in it, almost, on account of its remoteness from the modern theory of living. Yet the unhidden, naked life, lived at the mercy of all mankind, can have neither savour nor depth; and the collective life made up of a hundred million unhidden individual lives has likewise neither savour nor depth. For all its wealth, its crude power and its highly integrated mechanics, it is flavourless and uninteresting.

AN English friend once called my attention to the testimony which the architectural arrangement of modern American houses bears to the prevalence of the unhidden life. "One look at your houses," he said, "is enough to prove that no American ever reads with attention or thinks with concentration. No doors, no corridors, every room opening direct into every other room; how is it possible to maintain a moment's isolation in such a house? It is not a house, it is a wigwam." One is repelled by the severe, walled-in, inhospitable-looking English house—an Englishman's house is his castle, even in appearance—but its arrangement bears witness to a sterling quality in English life, its respect for privacy. It is possible, easily possible, for an Englishman to decide what portion of his life belongs to the public, to give it, and to give no more. The whole current of life is in his favour. It is possible for an American too, but the whole current of life is against him.

MARCUS AURELIUS, whose wisdom comes to my mind the more easily because I have been much occupied with him lately, had a great deal to say about this doctrine of the hidden life. "Men seek retreats for themselves, houses in the country, seashores and mountains," he observes, "but it is in thy power, whenever thou shalt choose, to retire into thyself. For nowhere, either with more quiet or more freedom from trouble, does a man retire than into his own soul." Again he says most admirably: "The mind which is free from passions is a citadel, for man has nothing more secure to which he may fly for refuge, and for the future be inexpugnable. He who has not perceived this is an ignorant man; and he who has seen it and does not fly to this refuge is unhappy."

LIKE a good disciple of Zeno, too, the great emperor puts the avoidance of publicity on the strictly practical ground of common sense. "How much trouble he avoids who does not look to see what his neighbour says or does or thinks, but only to what he does himself." He remarks that a thing is made neither better nor worse by being praised, and he tests the desire for praise by calling attention to the quality of those whose praise is desired. A person who does not understand the world he lives in, does not know where he is in it; and not knowing the primary purposes of life, does not know the purpose of his own existence. "What, then, dost thou think of him who avoids or seeks the praise of those who know not either where they are or who they are?" Even more vividly he adds: "Dost thou wish to be praised by a man who curses himself thrice every hour? Wouldst thou wish to please a man who does not please himself? Does a man please himself who repents of nearly everything he does?"

I CAME across a passage in "The Travels of Sir John Mandeville" the other day that completely expresses my opinion of the seven thousand—or is it the nine thousand?—Protestant churches that so solidly stand behind William Anderson and the Anti-Saloon League. The good knight is writing about Bethlehem. "All that dwell in Bethlehem be Christian men," he tells us. Then he goes on to tell us about the non-Christian men who have the power in that land. "And there be fair vines about the city, and great plenty of wine, that the Christian men have do let make. But the Saracens ne till not no vines, ne they drink no wine: for their books of the law, that Mahomet betoke them, which they clepe their *Al Koran*, and some clepe it *Mesoph*, and in another language it is clepe *Harme*, and the same book forbiddeth them to drink wine. For in that book, Mahomet cursed all those that drink wine and all them that sell it: for some men say, that he slew once an hermit in his drunkenness, that he loved full well; and therefore he cursed wine and them that drank it. But his curse be turned on his own head, as holy write saith, *Ei in verticem ipsius iniquitas ejus descendet*, that is for to say, 'His wickedness shall turn and fall in his own head.'"

DIPPING into a couple of volumes of literary criticism of the better order has made me regret the immense and unconscionable prevalence of professionalism in writing. I think that a good deal of the writing of the last generation is chiefly differentiated from ours by having the quality of the devoted amateur; or perhaps, to avoid misunderstanding, I should call it the non-professional quality. It is a quality which, according to Goethe, betrays a dash of the artist. Goethe says that the real artist is always more interested in his work than in his finished product; that he loves the actual work much more than the result of his work. One can always detect this quality in literature; a moderately experienced eye can always see whether a piece of writing was done with artistic feeling as it went along, or was done chiefly, or even largely, to be got done. It is a pleasure to look back over any miscellaneous batch of literary odds and ends written forty or fifty years ago, and see how much of it had that quality, and to what a surprising extent an obvious literary mediocrity was oftentimes lighted up and transfigured. It pervades the work of Frank Stockton, for example, and makes it much more acceptable than work done by abler writers, but devoid of this quality. Stockton's story of the wreck of the "Thomas Hyke" owes its fascination—and it is fascinating—to little else. Indeed, the same thing can be said of many of Stockton's stories.

JOURNEYMAN.

RUSSIA, 1917; GERMANY, 1923.

WHILE I was in Tashkent, in the heart of Russian Central Asia, last August, the local paper printed a leading article entitled: "Germany on the Eve of Revolution." Commenting on the unfavourable political and economic developments in Germany, the writer came to the conclusion that Chancellor Stresemann, like Kerensky, would fail in his effort to save the existing order by forming a broad, middle-of-the-road Government. Such a Government must fall to pieces, partly because of its own internal contradictions, partly because of the impending economic catastrophe. The only possible solution for the crisis was a seizure of power by the workers, on the Russian model.

The ideas of this article have been expressed in countless other newspaper-editors and labour-meetings all over Russia. Faith in the historic inevitability of the German revolution is almost universal in Russian Communist circles. Zinoviev, the President of the Third International, recently published an article in the German Communist organ, the *Rote Fahne*, in which he declared that the German workers, because of their superior education and training and their numerical preponderance in the population, would be able to develop their revolution much more smoothly and successfully than their Russian predecessors. The victory of the revolution he practically took for granted.

Now there are unmistakable and striking points of similarity between the position of Russia in the fall of 1917 and the position of Germany to-day. There are also at least equally important points of contrast, which the more zealous Russian Communists are perhaps inclined to under-rate or overlook. It is dangerous to risk a definite prophecy about the future of Germany at a time when the country is passing through a period of world-historical importance, when almost every day brings some new development into a highly complex situation. But one may, perhaps, sum up a few of the more obvious features of resemblance and difference between Russia on the eve of the November Revolution and Germany at the present time.

Germany, like Russia under Kerensky, is psychologically ripe for some sort of violent upheaval. The prolongation of the world-war had a most disastrous effect upon the everyday life of the Russian citizen. It disorganized transport, it stopped production in many industries, it made it difficult to provide the cities with food. The war in the Ruhr has had much the same effect upon everyday life in Germany. It is chiefly responsible for the huge and growing volume of unemployment, for the collapse of the mark, for the ominous food- and coal-shortage. In Germany now, as in Russia in 1917, the conventional attitude of taking the existing State for granted has been severely shaken. Large masses of the population that would ordinarily resist any unconstitutional seizure of power would now be likely to greet any successful *coup* with a shrug of the shoulders and the observation that things could not very well get worse.

Stresemann, like Kerensky, has been faced with political and economic problems which could apparently only be solved by the application of dictatorial methods. Kerensky was really faced with two alternatives, if he wished to remain in power. He might have set up a military dictatorship and attempted to drive the Russian people along the old paths of obedience; or he could have placed himself at the head of the popular revolutionary movement that was demanding peace, land for the peasants and control of the factories for the workers. He wavered between these two courses of action, without definitely choosing either;

and his wavering was his destruction. Faced with an analogous crisis, Stresemann has attempted to fortify his position by drawing into his Cabinet representatives of all parties except the Communists and avowed monarchists. To this Cabinet the Reichstag has granted very sweeping executive powers. But a Cabinet built upon such a basis, which would be very strong under normal conditions, has distinct elements of weakness at the present time. The sharpest differences of opinion exist inside the Cabinet on almost every problem that comes up for discussion; on Bavaria, on foreign policy, on the eight-hour day. These differences of opinion lead to constant friction, to repeated delays and compromises at a time when resolute, energetic action is most necessary. It is perhaps premature to predict the break-up of the Stresemann Government; but the position in the face of the rising tides of disorder and separatism is certainly far from secure.

In Germany now, as in Russia in 1917, there is an active Communist minority, convinced that it has a remedy for the evils of the present time, outspoken in its opposition to the existing form of State, unhampered by entangling political alliances with other parties, and consequently capable of turning to its own account the great and ever-increasing misery of the wage-earning masses in the large cities. There are, however, some very essential differences between the Germany of Stresemann and the Russia of Kerensky, and almost all these differences are calculated to make it more difficult for the German Communists to repeat the triumph of their comrades in Russia.

A German Communist worker once said to me quite wistfully: "Our peasants are not revolutionary, like the Russian peasants. They grow fat at the expense of the cities, and we will have to count with them as enemies if we ever take power." Of course the Russian peasants, with very few exceptions, are not and never were Communists; but they were willing to observe an attitude of benevolent neutrality during the Bolshevik *coup*, because the Communists alone were willing to satisfy their land-hunger by the complete expropriation of the landlords. The German Communists have no such bait to hold out to the German peasants, who are mostly small landowners themselves, intensely conservative in their political and economic convictions. To be sure, one occasionally finds traces of radical sentiment among the agricultural workers on the large estates of Pomerania and East Prussia; but in general the German peasantry must be regarded as a solid wall of conservatism, and any revolutionary Government that might establish itself in the cities would immediately have on its hands a food-problem of the first magnitude.

The present German Government has a much stronger mechanical defence against attack than the feeble provisional Government of Kerensky. In the fall of 1917 the vast Russian army had completely broken up as a disciplined military organism. It was a seething mass of rebellious individual soldiers, sick of fighting and thoroughly permeated with Bolshevik propaganda. When it came to the test Kerensky could rely on the loyalty of scarcely a single regiment. The outlook in Germany to-day is very different. The Government has at its disposal the Reichswehr, a disciplined arm of 100,000 men. The commanders of the Reichswehr, with very few exceptions, have the political outlook that one might expect from former officers of the German Imperial army. The rank and file, in part at least, has been recruited from nationalist organizations. So far as one can see, the Reichswehr is absolutely proof against revolutionary propaganda.

Whether it would offer energetic resistance to a well-organized monarchist or Fascist uprising is an open question, but there can be little doubt that it would proceed with the utmost vigour and ruthlessness against any insurgent movement from the Left. Besides the Reichswehr, one must reckon with the many irregular nationalist bands, which exist all over Germany and which appear to have at their disposal large quantities of arms, sometimes taken from State arsenals with the connivance of reactionary Reichswehr officers. The numerical strength of these bands has been estimated as high as three or four hundred thousand. Of course no accurate figures are available, but there can be no question that the armed secret nationalist organizations would play a considerable rôle in any civil war that might develop.

In comparison with the Reichswehr and the secret bands the military resources of the German Communists are negligible. In some industrial districts, especially in Saxony and Thuringia, the Communists have organized workers' detachments, or *Hundertschaffen*, which in some cases are believed to have stocks of concealed arms. In Saxony a large part of the police is radical in sympathy and might take the side of the workers in the event of an open conflict; but in general all the military advantage, in numbers, in arms, in training and leadership, is on the side of the conservatives.

Of course the German workers have a powerful economic weapon in the general strike, and the Communists have been bending all their energies to bringing this weapon into play. This, however, is no easy task. A general strike called by the Communists on their own account, without the consent of the regular trade-union officials, would almost certainly end in a fiasco. In Russia, in 1917, the Bolsheviks had won over the most important trade-unions and could use their organizations freely for revolutionary purposes. No such situation exists in Germany to-day. The leadership of the unions rests in the hands of conservative Social Democrats, who would be likely to call a general strike only in the face of some outrageous provocation, such as an open reactionary attempt to subvert the Reich. Should the provocation occur and the strike take place, its success would be highly doubtful. The cities are half starving as it is. A strike that should tie up the railways would immobilize the Fascist bands, but it would also cut off the thin stream of provisions that still flows into the towns. In an economic endurance-contest between the hungry cities and the well-fed country-side, the advantage would be all on the side of the latter.

The clear, definite slogans of the Russian Revolution—"Peace, Bread, Land"—are lacking in Germany. The distress in the cities could scarcely be greater, but there are no visible scapegoats who can be turned out or expropriated. Almost every one feels that the French, through the occupation of the Ruhr, are chiefly responsible for the country's suffering; but what could one do with rifles and machine-guns against French tanks and aeroplanes? The profiteering and speculation in Germany were never more terrible than now, when a large part of the population in the cities is actually going hungry every day; but no one has any simple or sweeping panacea for these evils. The most ardent theoretical advocate of the socialization of industry might well shrink from trying the experiment under such hopeless economic conditions as now prevail. The Russian Communists rode into power on short, simple slogans that every worker and peasant could understand. The German Communists are com-

peled to put out their appeals in the shape of long economic arguments that lose half their point before the man in the street has finished reading them.

There is, finally, a very important spiritual difference between the German and the Russian Communists. In Russia every Communist gathering, whether it be an extraordinary session of the Moscow Soviet to discuss Lord Curzon's ultimatum, or a little local meeting to talk over ways and means of strengthening the co-operative organizations, reflects a spirit of boundless energy, of conscious will-to-power. At the German Communist convention in Leipzig last February the sign that appeared most often on the motion-picture bulletin was: "*Bitte Ruhe.*" The sign was to some extent symbolical of the proceedings in the convention. Intellectual conviction was not lacking. Years of bitter experience had disillusioned the delegates about the possibility of advancing the labour-movement by electing to office Social-Democratic politicians who put off their radical convictions as they put on their ministerial frock-coats; the speeches were as fiery as could well be imagined; ruthless class-struggle, civil war, dictatorship of the proletariat—these phrases were on every one's lips. But the impression of fierce, indomitable energy that one always carries away from a Russian Communist meeting was somehow absent. The German Communists are after all only the left wing of the old German Social Democracy; and the spirit of the Social Democracy was pretty well summed up by Trotzky in a biting epigram when he said that the ideal of the German Social Democrat is to make a revolution without coming into contact with the public prosecutor.

It would be unfair to question either the courage or the sincerity of the German Communists. Put to the test, many of them would no doubt give up their lives for the cause in which they believe. That they lack the revolutionary impetus of their Russian comrades is due not to any personal inferiority, but to the very different manner in which the Socialist movement developed in Russia and in Germany. To be a Social Democratic editor, agitator or parliamentarian in Germany before the world-war was a recognized and legal, if not altogether socially reputable, occupation. It required no more excess of personal courage than to be a Labour M. P. in England. Very different was the situation in the barbarous, semi-Asiatic despotism of Tsarist Russia. To be a Socialist there was to risk prison, exile, torture, death. The men who passed through the stern school of the Russian revolutionary movement, and were not broken by it, came out steeled and resolute, quite as capable of quick decision and fearless action as any group of trained army officers. These veteran revolutionary fighters were an extremely important element in the success of the Russian Communists. No such class of men exists in Germany, simply because the pre-war conditions of German life were not calculated to produce them.

So, if one objectively considers the military, economic and psychological factors in the present German situation, there seems little reason to expect that Germany will follow in Russia's footsteps. It is true that many of the conditions for a revolutionary overturn, notably an appalling collapse in the field of economic life, are realized in Germany at the present time. It is probably also true, as Zinoviev has predicted, that the German workers, once they secured power, would avoid many of the Russian blunders and generally make a better technical job of their revolution. But the getting of power is the rub, and here the obstacles seem almost insuperable.

There is one element in present-day German life that can not be ignored, but that may upset the apple-cart of reasoned predictions. This is the stark, terrible, incredible suffering of the cities. There have been days when the Berlin workers might have recalled Marie Antoinette's admonition to eat cake if they had no bread; one could see cakes in the windows of the bakeries, but there has been little or no bread inside. The constantly accelerated downward course of the mark has not only reduced the purchasing-power of wages and salaries far below the minimum standards of decent living; it has also strengthened the peasants in their inclination to hold back their grain and potatoes, to refuse to give out their food-products in exchange for worthless paper. One must see the strained, hungry faces in the streets of Berlin in order to realize what acts of rage and despair the German cities may witness in the near future. What forms of expression this elementary mass-suffering will assume can not be forecast. It may give the Communists the sweeping measure of popular support which they now seem to lack. It may lead to wild excesses of nationalism and anti-Semitism. In any case a great emotional explosive force is here, as formidable and as incalculable in its probable effects as a smouldering volcano.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN.

SOLITUDE IN LITERATURE.

To stop abruptly in the middle of a deep wood, conscious that there are other presences round us: such is the feeling of awe, half terror and half delight, which is akin to many of the strangest and most exquisite passages in literature. Solitude is not loneliness, as we understand loneliness; it is the realization of a new scheme of things where-in all that we deemed impossible becomes the natural order of existence, and all that we deemed necessary and actual becomes, from this reversed point of view, a meaningless dream. Like the wanderer in the "Mabinogion," we take two steps through a thicket and emerge in the Other-world. Like those who have loved the nymphs, we return to our places in ordinary life to find our old sense of values blotted out.

For solitude is not a passive state; it is the most positive of spiritual adventures. Paradoxically, it is only when we are alone that we are aware of those subtle companions who are usually nullified by the full-throated clamour of gregarious life. Alone we see and hear more keenly than before. The stirring of a leaf is a loud whisper. The rush of wind is a shout. And not in nature only are we initiated into this experience, but in all those magic pages which summon a new country into existence where we must travel by ourselves surrounded by beautiful or evil phantoms. The sudden chapel-lights which Malory kindles among the dark leaves of his Arthurian forest burn with no clear lustre from the honeyed wax sanctified by the Church; they are the very torches of a mystery older than the search for the Grail, older than the dance of the nymphs, older even than those amazing sacraments which Herodotus saw by the Nile and feared to divulge. The mourning queens from the isle of Avalon and the brandishing of Excalibur over the waters of the sea are but legends, we say; yet reading deeper, we hear in the cadences of that marvellous prose the same voice that startled us yesterday in the hemlock grove, the same footsteps that pattered behind us and stopped when we stopped. Even the stupendous human tragedy of the parting of Lancelot and Guinevere, when she bids him hasten from her lest her rebellious heart refrain from salvation, is a farewell between two unhappy spectres standing alone on the edge of the world. "Therefore, Sir Lancelot, without well I am set in such a plight to get my soul-heal;

and yet I trust through God's grace that after my death to have a sight of the blessed face of Christ, and at doomsday to sit on his right side, for as sinful as ever I was are saints in heaven. Therefore, Sir Lancelot, I require thee and beseech thee hartily, for all the love that ever was betwixt us, that thou never see me more in the visage; and I command thee, on God's behalf, that thou forsake my company, and to thy kingdom thou turn again, and keep well thy realm from war and wrack; for as well as I have loved thee, mine heart will not serve me to see thee, for through thee and me is the flower of kings and knights destroyed."

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago,
These lovers . . .

In Malory, we find ourselves almost continually in this country deserted by all but ourselves and the ghosts of those who there have their proper home. Stranger still is the abrupt sensation of being alone after a long and casual stroll in the sunlight: not because we find ourselves in a land of shadows, but because all the familiar things of life have become shadowy and alien. Thus, in Chaucer's "Pardoner's Tale," which in its narrative-elements is the most conventional sort of fable, we find the spell upon us before we are aware of it. The ribald fellows who swear to find Death and murder him we have met before in many an allegory. Then suddenly the Old Man appears, flesh and blood becomes spectral, and he, the spectre, the one reality. "Why livest thou long in so great age?" cries one of the young men, ignorant that he is addressing Death himself.

For that I can not fynde
A man, though that I walke into Inde,
Neither in cité noon ne in village,
That wol chaunge his youthe for myn age;
And therfore moot I have myn age stille
As longe tyme as it is Goddes wille.
And Deth, alas! he wil not have my lif.
Thus walk I lik a resteles caytif,
And on the ground, which is my modres gate,
I knokke with my staf, erly and late,
And saye, 'Leeve moder, let me in. . . .'

That desolate figure, most solitary in the presence of these mortal phantoms whom he will shortly exorcise, looms between us and the sun, and we stand alone in his chill shadow.

It is significant that the literature of solitude is generally tragic. The line between the ecstatic and the sinister aspects of the mental adventure is so faint that the joy and the melancholy are almost indistinguishable. In his "Hill of Dreams," Arthur Machen intended a Robinson Crusoe of the soul. Imperceptibly the horizon grows darker and darker, while the beating waves of the modern world that break against those desolate shores do but intensify by contrast the hush of a human spirit marooned on its own identity. Without desiring to add to the mass of nonsense that has been written about "Hamlet," I would remark that this tragedy is likewise a Robinson Crusoe of the soul, a soul that, having been bewildered by the monstrosities of actual life, takes refuge in a dream-world of its own whence all else appears but a dream.

Moreover, there is a certain human limitation, probably caused by the predominance of sorrow in life, which, while permitting a masterpiece of terror, forbids a masterpiece of delight. So we find the "Inferno" and "Paradise Lost" far more vivid and convincing than the "Paradiso" and "Paradise Regained." The antick imps of mediæval painting are living creatures; the pallid angels are but so much pigment, and we know that from those listless harps and viols no sound will ever come.

Ecstatic or sombre, the experience is of such profundity that none has succeeded in transcribing it completely, for

it is neither an emotion, like fear or love; nor is it a concept, a mood, or a sequence of events. Poe's "Ulalume" is an attempt to get at the heart of the matter, and "Ulalume" is a failure. In Mr. Machen's latest book, "Things Near and Far," he has tried to describe exalted solitude directly, as, in "The Hill of Dreams," he indirectly described dark solitude. He has been forced to fall back on a series of analogies which defeat his original intention, giving the reader an interesting account of the experience but never for a moment communicating the experience itself.

For this mystery, as the mediæval adepts knew well, must be set forth in symbols. In some of Coleridge's lines we find the incantation:

A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover!

or

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round, walks on
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

Hear them! The whispers in the thicket! The footfalls in the dry leaves! Even more outlandish is the old Lyke-Wake Dirge, a farewell to the ghost that issues forth from its fleshly house at midnight to confront the fens of the strange country whence none has ever returned. Is the refrain a blessing or a malediction?

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle,
Fire and sleet and candle-lights,
And Christe receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away art past,
Every nighte and alle,
To Whinny-moor thou com'st at last,
And Christe receive thy saule. . . .

From Whinny-moor when thou mayst pass,
Every nighte and alle,
To Brig o' Dread thou com'st at last.
And Christe receive thy saule. . . .

Christ receive thy soul indeed, for now thou art alone with Pan, very god of the solitude. Half benign, half hideous, beast and deity in one, he was the first image to step from the Otherworld into the primeval consciousness of man. Under myriad names and guises he has accompanied the human soul in all its wanderings from the sunlight; he it is who first taught the sweetness of song, and to him the frightened shepherd vowed a sacrifice and a propitiatory offering on the dark hill-side. We dare not invoke him; he may confront us as the Goat of the Sabbath, the Cabballistic lord of evil who must be obeyed. Yet, when we least expect his presence, we pause in the wood to listen to the pure notes of a music so heavenly that the mediæval mystics, hearing it, thought the gates of Paradise were ajar. And that, too, is he. In a sceptical age, such as the Renaissance, when men are always in groups and the mystery of being alone is forgotten, Pan becomes a mere decoration, a whimsical satyr grinning harmlessly from a plaster capital. In such an age, art becomes a flat surface open to the sun, lacking those crevices, the Eleusinian shrine or the Gothic crypt, where shadow broods and where men pass at their peril guided only by the lamp of the imagination.

All the mysteries, so it seems to me, are of this first mystery of solitude. To be alone with God, to be alone with Nature, for this are designed all the sacraments of religion and of literature. Remembering Rabelais, I will not contend that there can be no great work without this element, but certainly the larger part of the books, the

pictures, the music, which have moved man most deeply are those which have lured him into the midst of an Otherworld wood and there left him, to his terror or his delight. In a great play we clutch the arms of our chair and wish to cry out as the characters clash in their battle of swords or of wits; but when the fight is over, and the single figure stands alone, then we lean forward tensely, straining our nerves to catch his every word and gesture, for we ourselves stand there on the stage, ourselves so small amid a Universe so vast!

With contrasts such as these, with symbols, with the overtones of such prose as Malory's, or in a single line of great poetry, we are given not the mystery itself, to be sure, but a key to it. Many will not use the key. Never having known solitude, they are sceptical of the beauties and horrors that people the inner glades of the wood and the inner chambers of the contemplative mind. To such as these let us gratefully yield the whole "realistic" school, content in the knowledge that the proper book has found its proper reader. But those who have paused under the ancient trees, heard the voices and perhaps seen the faces, shall always find the way back, no matter how loudly the surf of the world crashes against their shores, through the words and colours of those who are also of the company. For they are not few who have learned that the highest good in life, like the highest virtue in art, is what Plotinus has called the flight of the Alone to the Alone.

ROBERT HILLYER.

A FORTNIGHT IN SANTO DOMINGO.

II.

At nine o'clock one morning I forced my way through a small population of Santo Dominicans to the back seat of the *guagua* (motor-bus) for Santiago and sat down between a Negress in a lilac dress, who was smoking an immense cigar, and an Episcopal archdeacon. The other occupant of this rearmost bench was the Bishop of Porto Rico. In this oddly assorted company I rode for five or six hours through a country with as striking contrasts and juxtapositions of tropical and temperate nature. Until we began to climb the range that divides the northern and southern plains of Santo Domingo with such a rugged height of mountains as might well have made the inhabitants of the two regions strangers to one another before the construction of the highway, we were in a tropical upland. The landscape was feathered and scrolled with the fronds of the coco-nut palm, and brilliant with the vermillion bloom of the flambeau tree. Lofty grey columns of the ceiba tree lifted their dusty green verdure high into the incandescence of mid-morning, and the perfect symmetries of heavily fruited mango trees cast sharp, rounded shade upon papery grasses. But with the first considerable rise upon a buttress of the range one seemed to be leaping northward a degree of latitude a minute. Steep meadows, dotted with fresh green clumps of hardwood and pasturing thoroughbred cattle, rose against the deep blue sky and evoked pastoral New England in the height of summer. The clumps of hardwood began to assemble and we rode for a while through a cool forest. Then came the open shade and clean floor of pine woods, making an Adirondack frieze above abysmal glens of humid jungle, threaded by the white churning of small rivers. These streams were tributaries and headwaters of the Yuna River, the largest of the northern district, and announced that we were about to descend to the tropical plains of the Cibao, as this region north of the mountains is still called in the aboriginal tongue.

The *guagua* began to coast at terrific speed along seemingly bottomless ravines, flinging itself around sharp curves and upon narrow bridges with an accuracy of cal-

culation that was astonishingly fine but not reassuring. It seemed only a few minutes before we were roaring into La Vega, the aim of our fleet descent upon the north-central plain. This little town and Moca, several kilometres down the Santiago road, were dusty blemishes upon La Vega Real, the most beautiful and fertile valley in Santo Domingo. The proud grace of forests of royal palm, bordering the plain and invading its hacienda; the bright patterns of its variegated acres—striped and checkered designs of guinea-grass vivid from recent rain, blue-green lozenges of broad-leaf tobacco, shaded squares of cacao and coffee bordered with the sea-green of bananas—gave the scene a truly regal splendour of cultivated, tropical beauty, and made the name that Columbus had given it at first sight seem the only appropriate one. The brightly coloured walls of the chapel of Santo Cerro looking down on this heavenly landscape from a round, isolated hill at the left of the highway assumed a sort of Byzantine magnificence in the mellow light of late afternoon. The aroma of drying tobacco and cacao drifted on a warm breeze like incense into the dusty *guagua*.

After twenty kilometres or more of this rich landscape, we came to the low barrier of yellow soil at the head of La Vega Real, which divides it from the desert-valley of the Rio Yaqui. Here, upon crumbling, ochreous cliffs above a broad torrential stream, stood the little capital of the Cibao, Santiago de los Caballeros. As we jolted down its heavily eroded main thoroughfare in a cloud of saffron dust, I was strongly reminded of the arid valley-country of the Far West. The atmosphere was oven-dry, and hot blasts of air angrily lifted the heavy powder that had drifted into crevasses and hollows of the execrable street. The contours of surrounding foothills were sharply clear with crystal light and blue shadow, and beyond them magnificent masses of rugged mountain raised their summits into high cloud. The town, of course, was easily distinguishable from the orderly and commonplace little cities that one finds in similar stretches in the United States. Its narrow streets of broken macadam were lined with high-storied, unglazed modern houses of typical Latin-American construction, and its open shop-windows displayed strange stores of native goods. Straw saddles, basketry and rush-bottomed chairs were suspended from lintels and ceilings; handfuls of tropical fruits and vegetables were strewn carelessly on open counters along the narrow sidewalk; great water-jars of red clay, in the simple and beautiful forms of primitive pottery, cluttered doorways and floors.

About the *guagua* broke small pack-trains of burros harshly burdened with great, sagging panniers of tobacco or stout sacks of cocoa-bean, the chief products of the region, which the peasants astride their small beasts exchange for calicos, pots and pans, patent medicines and other luxuries. Some of these caravans were bristling with the rush-bottom chairs of San José de las Matos; hand-made mahogany furniture of such severe design and honest workmanship that each piece would be worth its weight in gold in New York. But one can buy a suite of this Santo Dominican mahogany for the price of the cheapest piece of Grand Rapids machine-turned pine. The basket-work that was coming in from the mountains and plains about Santiago was as simple and as faithfully executed as the chairs of San José and sold at prices that I was ashamed to pay. I purchased three baskets and a hamper, a large water-jar and four pieces of furniture of the best quality for \$7.88. But the makers of these things had gone about their business unburdened by the pacing of machines, and had conjured into them with their own hands a certain measure of perfection. Verily they had had a reward over and above the seven dollars and eighty-eight cents.

If Santiago's modern aspect—thanks to revolution and earthquake—was disappointing, its high flavour of provinciality was a fair compensation. In the capital the past had survived only in picturesque ruin, but here it lived on in handicraft and, to a certain extent, in the manners of the people. I was treated, shortly after my arrival, to a charming piece of innocence that the sophistications of Santo Domingo de Guzmán would hardly have permitted. My balcony looked down upon a narrow veranda across the street, where the prettiest and most demure little *señorita* in the town sat with her mother at sewing or novel-reading in the late afternoons. This shy little creature of sixteen years or so was not altogether unconscious of the appraisal of passersby, and often replied to it with a swift, timid glance that seemed to flicker ever so faintly with challenge. This moderate licence that she took with her large, dark eyes was as telling as the rashest provocation. The favoured youth would all but disjoint his neck for another equivocal gaze, but the girl's head would anticipate him, resuming a prayerful pose above the fancy-work or Spanish romance. Perhaps it was this mischief, mixed with the wine and sultry sentiment of a wedding-feast which had been making one of the local clubs festive one Saturday evening, that brought one young blood back to the opposite veranda to pour out his heart in the dead of night.

I had supposed that the Latin-American serenade was a quaint extravagance of romanticism that could stir only the mildest amusement or patronizing interest in an Anglo-Saxon; but, as I stood on my balcony and listened to the young baritone that soared above the slow throbbing of a guitar, I was completely carried away by the sincerity of its lyricism. This was such a free and passionate expression of young love that the latent impulse to deride or patronize was withered at its source. The lines of the song were sufficiently florid, jewelled with the ornate clichés of the conventional serenade; but they were splendidly afire with genuine feeling, as wildly spontaneous as song can be. The American tobacco-expert, who made me at home in his apartment during my sojourn in Santiago, had crept out from under his mosquito-net and was standing by my side on the balcony. He was as silent and unashamed as myself before what would have been egregious folly if it had been in the least self-conscious. Perhaps the tobacco-expert was remembering with regret, as I was, the cramped gestures of an adolescence we had shared a good many years ago. Imagine this outburst of lyric song, with its vibrant *mi corazones*, before some front-porch on Hillside Avenue or West Eighth Street! Imagine a flower flung from a bedroom window of one of those commodious, pseudo-Queen Anne houses! No wonder the generation that had followed closely after us in that suburban heaven had taken to drink and a genial promiscuity in love-making.

Another staple of the Latin-American picturesque that I enjoyed in Santiago was a Sunday-morning cock-fight. This was a comic corrective of the ardours of Dominican young love. It was a Hogarthian scene, populated by grotesque, lewd faces and writhing with bodily contortions that made it seem an assemblage of Jacks-in-the-box, with springs controlled by the two small, bloody birds in the pit. When the cocks rose and spurred, the spectators sprung up with them and roared from gaping or twisted mouths new wagers and fiercer imprecations: "Five pesos on the Indian . . . Kill him, Baldy, kill him!" The Negro beside me clawed one enormous, wrinkled foot with the other monstrous and misshapen one, shook his pachydermatous fists in the air and screamed when his bird took to its heels and began to circle about the cock-pit. His shrieks died down into sobbing moans when his favourite made another stand, and when it leapt upon its adversary

and brought its spurs home with a mechanical flutter, the black man doubled over the rail of the gallery as if in agony, and forced a tremulous yell from his distorted mouth. "Murder him! . . . Take him to the kitchen!" he ululated, and the mob echoed him in bedlam chorus. For twenty minutes the pathetic antagonists rushed upon one another or staggered in wide circles about the pit, while their gibbering and gesticulating backers rose and fell upon the benches and rails. As the cocks became feebler and feebler, the spectators grew more and more frenzied for a decision, and the *crescendo* of betting and cursing rose to an insane pitch when the Indian rushed to a final assault upon Baldy. Before he could finish his exhausted opponent, however, the owner of the defeated bird leapt in to rescue it. The crowd overflowed into the pit and around its outer barriers, chattering and scolding above the jingle of pesos changing hands.

The evening throng upon the plaza was as decorous as this riot of peasants in the cockpit had been grotesque. Santiago is proud of its descriptive "*de los Caballeros*," of the tradition and blood of the Spanish knights who founded the city in 1504. A number of families boast direct descent, unmixed with Arawak or African blood, from certain of these *caballeros*, and there exists a vestige of the colour-line that long ago vanished elsewhere in the Republic. This discrimination, mild as it may be and however frail its pretensions, seems to have had an effect on the character of the nightly assemblages in the plaza. Scores of the hundreds of men and women who strolled about the bandstand for an hour or so after nightfall had the pigmentation and features of Caucasians; the unmistakable African characteristics of others were never dominant but richly deepened the colour of many beautiful faces of distinctly European type. Perhaps this admixture accounted also for the strength and litheness of so many of the strikingly lovely *señoritas* who sauntered about to the accompaniment of Cuban or Andalusian airs by the stringed orchestra. These slender girls were fended by corpulent mothers, whose heavy faces and dead eyes prefigured sadly enough the maturity of their own elegant maidenhood. But for the time they had the decorum and beauty of young princesses and the savage grace of an unsophisticated race piquantly blended in their lithe dignity of carriage. This virgin stateliness, gowned in delicate colours and light fabrics fresh from Parisian ateliers, was in complete accord with the melodies and rhythms that flowed from the bandstand—an indolent and oversweet *mélange* of Spanish and negroid motifs.

The courtliness of these plaza-scenes in Santiago and Santo Domingo, the low comedy of the cockpit, and the romantic note of the serenade, and all the unnumbered pictures and vistas of my tropical May fortnight in the Dominican Republic that come back to me as I write, seem now to be glittering unrealities, for a stupor that had lain heavily upon me for several days at last smouldered into malarial fever, and my last few hours on the island took on a quality of nightmare.

My final impression of Santo Domingo is of a row of swaying figures, military and civil, looming on the edge of a high wharf. This undulation may have been due to the ground-swell upon which the lighter was riding; or to the roving shadows that the swinging ship's lantern flung behind this rank that was shouting *bon voyage*; or to some phantasmagoric illusion of the fever that was now reaching its midnight pitch. I remember very distinctly that the baggage with which the lighter was heavily laden supported an aviary of parrots and parakeets, preening in rat-traps, wire scrapbaskets and blue and gold canary cages; that a huge Haitian Negro was clambering over passengers and freight, demanding fares in a ghoulish muttering of Creole French. From the cabined engine-pit

came the same harsh travesty of civilized speech as other black masks peered up into the shifting lights of the deck, awaiting orders to spin the crank-shaft. At last the giant, ape-like figure mumbled over the ultimate fare and flung a command to the Dantesque shapes below; the engine coughed itself free and shook the steel hull with a thundering syncopation. We cast off for the New York boat.

EDWARD TOWNSEND BOOTH.

CRICKETS.

DRIFTS of thistledown were floating overhead; they would stream in clusters, and, as they met the upper currents, would break apart as if they were conscious that there might be wastefulness in always clinging together. A few bold ones would mount straight up, balance for an instant, watch whither the others were travelling, and sail off in a contrary direction. Three or four would move in unison; one would veer away at right angles. The sun glistened upon them and brought them grace; the air was full of their afternoon tumbling. A yard or so to one side a cricket started. It was early for crickets, yet this thin grating reminded me of a time when it was too late for thistledown; the country-side had been resonant with the earth-song of crickets.

It was about nine in the evening, and my grandmother, after trimming her candle, had just climbed the steep flight of stairs to her room. I could hear her soft footing on the floor above. It was a wise apportionment of the seconds, no doubt; habit was strong in her and the light need burn but a moment; it would serve for many such trysts. We had been talking of former happenings, but not with any concertment; these trifles had come in and out of our conversation haphazard. She was my contemporary, but she had a longer experience to call upon, and these old matters would shuttle back and forth, leaving a thread of gold or silver which we might contemplate and smile about. I had said this or done that as a boy; she had given the incident a setting quite without trying to, and I was entranced at what seemed to be its atmosphere. My naughtiness appeared to be a healthy, eventful sort of naughtiness; and yet I was disturbed—how little I had changed! With her, however, there was no hint of sadness. She evidently was speaking of her most abundant years without a trace of regret; no sigh, no longing for the bright days to return. I never caught her sentimentalizing, at least by herself. The world evidently was ordered; life was sweet; whatever was past was also present. She was ninety years of age and never talked of death.

Somewhere in the room a cricket was chirping; its shrill notes were in sharp contrast with the mighty, low-pitched cadences of its fellows outside. It was as if, in the open, nature had been able to subdue these shrill voices to her autumnal rhythms, but had halted at my windows, and was not concerned that this vagrant needleman should stitch upon her shroud of silence. My grandmother was not what might be called a cultivated person; she did not desire to be cultivated. Not that she spurned evidences about her of things, perhaps, alien to her personality, but she never attempted to gather them in, never posed, for instance, in reading what she could not understand. Literature meant nothing to her; the word "poetry" was not in her vocabulary. The Psalms were moral dissertations, and the Song of Solomon, though not a favourite, was in the Bible and therefore had something to do with conduct. Her book of preference was Jeremiah, but that was partly because her husband, a New England saint, had borne that name, and the burdened Jeremiah was a saint. Furthermore, this prophet was a denouncer, and denunciation reached my grandmother. She never

employed it—she had no verbal technique, but her face became very sober at times; the terrible words had taken possession of her and she passed them on with an expression of solemnity.

My grandmother had been brought up under the puritan dispensation, and if she had ever rebelled at its dogmas, she showed no marks of such rebellion at the time that I knew her. Though quick, she was not to my thinking deeply emotional, and though assuredly intelligent, she was not intellectual at all. Thus it had never come her way actually to wrestle with her Lord. Yet I do not think she could have endured unkindliness, and fortune had favoured her in that she had been brought up by an uncle who, so far as I could gather, was a bit of a heathen in Christian guise; that is, he was prone to wit and irony, and did not bother people. His irony had been to her just something funny—he did not mean what he said; but his discipline was so good-natured that she had easily fallen into the regimen of orthodoxy; all her friends were orthodox. If they had been Polynesians, I think she might have accepted the rule of traditional Polynesianism.

Religion, therefore—and there was no question of her being religious—had never warped her personality; quite otherwise. She had not come to old age without sorrow, and the majestic utterances of the Hebrews had shadowed experiences more profound than her own; they had brushed away her tears. How could one be a Unitarian? Did they not deny? She denounced them inwardly and was sorry for them. Man's chief end was salvation.

The issues of life had been moulded for her in such a reasonable, compact, predetermined form that she was no more fettered by them than a bird is oppressed by its instincts; she could range about in her native confines without thought. One of her charms was her sprightliness, I might almost say gaiety; but there is a satin finish to gaiety, something less rural than the trig calico of sprightliness. My grandmother's lines had been cast in a country town. When one first met her in the morning, one was assured that the events of the day were already in progress. She did not delay upon conventionalities of address; there was no "Did you sleep well last night?"—no plan, no discussion of how one was to be amused. The sun was up, and the feast of the hour was spread; it might go forward anywhere. One thing was certain; there was no festivity outside of you; every word you spoke, every move you made was absorbing. Consequently, you were at your best; assertiveness did not enter the design; you were enslaved to her triumphant unawareness of self.

By *you* I mean a small group that constituted the family; family of her own she had none, no near relative. Once long ago she had borne a son, but he had died in his infancy and there had been no other children. She was therefore a grandmother, and we members of the family by adoption. How this had come about might make up a story, with perhaps dramatic interludes. It had eventuated, however, without prearrangement; there had been no shifts and turns, no seekings, avoidances. When my parents had come to her village, it was as if a tide of affection were ready to move; it had crept along inundating the shore and there had been no ebb.

But if there was a family, there was also the stranger, and toward the stranger my grandmother was not so forgetful. Her speech was a bit more wary and correct; if there was occasion for laughter, she might suppress it with her fingers—this would be more ladylike. In fact it was often best to confine her laughter; it was apt to be rough, even boisterous; her foot would spring out, and she would touch the sleeve of the one who was accountable for it. My grandmother was so diminutive that a little abridgement suited her—it distinguished her from

the barbarian; choked laughter may almost be diverted into a dainty smile.

She had use for these smiles. For when we were children we were subject to punishment. She never maintained that the spankings were unjust; we had doubtless trafficked with Providence. Her face, however, was a complex of suffering; she was in torture and her black eyes shot fire. No one could tell how these rackings might hurt; were we not bawling? and our father was excitable. We would come to her dolefully and as confederates would sit together where we might sob in quiet. Soon her fingers would find their way to her lips—a hectic giggle: we were not actually maimed; the agony had passed; we would be better now. "Sht! your father is coming." Everybody sober. No, it was something else. The clouds had lifted; she rocked in silent paroxysms.

So replete was her nature with primitive loyalty that her judgments were coloured by it. Dogs mourned for their masters; she could cite instances when they had died of longing. Girls grieved for their lovers: "He is not thoughtful of her; she worships the ground he treads on." The weak had ways of circumventing the strong. A wounded flicker drove off a cat. "She scuttled away, I can tell you; his bill was pointed straight at her." Deep in her mind there was a conviction that little bodies, innocents, fledglings had a good deal of trouble, and to make their lives equal they should be humoured. We owned a tiny dog that lorded it over her. But he growled in his naps; the hair of his throat bristled in the conflict of a dream. One of us slapped him with a cushion. My grandmother burst into tears, the only time we had ever seen her cry. How quickly she recovered! We were the little ones then; our faces had betrayed us. Correction was good for him; he had no business to be carrying on like that; how droll he looked with his counterfeit whimpering and his make-believe eyes! Children were best, and she was one of them.

Though my grandmother was not forward in friendships (her regard for the stranger was limited), she was known and appreciated by a rather wide circle. This may have been due to the fact that she had nothing to seek; she made no demands; but it was more certainly a tribute to her spontaneity and directness; even her play at hush was too elemental for mystery. Guests became aware that something authentic had arrested them, and when they were gone, they inquired more than passingly about her. There had been a time, to be sure, when she and her good husband, the deacon, had been the principal entertainers of orthodoxy; all out-of-town candidates, missionaries, had found refuge at their home. If they were brisk and had been hilarious at their own stories, there was no ground for complaint. She analysed them shrewdly, but did not hold reservation against joy. Mimicry was to her a rapture, and some graceless antic opened all the stops of mirth. She took delight in mock scoldings and tirades that did not count; the pomposness of a Negro enchanted her. Friends teased her for the infallible reaction. "Are you still painting portraits? Do you keep up with your violin?" Thrills of transport and what fantasies! Art was embroidery, and that must be fingered to be appreciated; music was some old hymn. Her rôle was an instinctive plaudit to the orchestrations of vivacity.

Was there protection in this bearing, a method of keeping people whom she was drawn to but whose thoughts she could not enter, near her? Very possibly, if one grants that the method entailed no labour. She did not hold the credentials to live in Athens, but the Athenians were not difficult, if they were at one with Zion; all right people were human. There had been bred in her charac-

ter no sympathy with Boeotia; her life had been too harmoniously environed to be Philistine or vulgar. There were, of course, pretences enough in a New England village, but such waywardness had not encumbered her. Her path had been serene and quiet, the ordering of it determined between the covers of a great Book; her ways were of an ancestral gentleness.

Crickets! crickets! what a tireless constancy! The air was burnished with their signalling; it reverberated from over the hills, from distant moonswept intervals; it broke in illimitable waves. My high-pitched needleman had left, had perhaps joined his comrades where his atomy scrapings would be more in tune. From the grape-arbour there had sounded a vibrant note, then the full-voiced tang of a whippoorwill, herald of starlight and dreams, of lovers and Arcady.

This was the last day of my visit with my grandmother. The rest of us were scattered; it had been convenient for me to stop over and look in upon her. That afternoon we had taken a walk, a leisurely excursion, along a road-path over familiar country. I felt as if I were her protector and had lingered behind to see that she made the right step. Futile precaution! her little feet had picked their way with faultless nicety. How tidy she was and how jauntily she wore her broad-brimmed hat! A woman so young, I thought, must have very fresh memories. But she did not recite them; her talk was of this and that in the accustomed vein. "The fall dandelions are earlier than last year. How late the berries keep their colour! This is the path your grandfather made." We visited her former home. The house was quite rearranged, but the spirit of a remembered odour still haunted the barn. I felt as if I were intruding upon a sacred place which, like a story one has read in one's childhood, had better remain in recollection. My grandmother was silent on the way back. "You were right about my age," she said at last. "I shall be ninety-three, come April. I am ready to go now." There was in her words a finality to which I did not attempt a reply.

Was she asleep overhead? I was wondering, or had that song of vistas awakened her? Was she pondering upon her youth; her far-off girlhood; the deacon's courtship; the hour she ventured to speak his first name? Did she dare to recall the death of her son? Was she thinking of us, proud of our confidence? Did she run over our baby-talk; or did a flush come upon her as she worried about our future? There she lay, the ingrain carpet, the mahogany four-poster and dresser, a chair or two and the rocker, the mirror, a whatnot and a table, a handful of orderly books, sea-shells, roots of olive-trees from Palestine, missionary knicknacks, an album with all our pictures, a few of them in frames, her boy's wooden stool, and an enlarged photograph of the deacon, stiff and solemn.

In the morning I should be off. There would be a hasty breakfast, more hasty than was necessary; much concern whether the carriage would be in time for the train—they always chanced the last minute; distress and confusion. I would cheer her up, say things to make her laugh. There would be a moment of calm, a second for advice: "Don't smoke; keep your breath sweet. Go to prayer-meeting like your father." The carriage would be at the door, much too early—I was not ready for it. However, here I go, umbrella wound, bag shut. I would bend over her; we would kiss, without demonstration. "Good-bye; tell them to keep writing." She would step down the path to the roadway and stand there shading her eyes; the last I should see of her would be a wave of the arm as I made the turn and the high elms came between us.

The whippoorwill had flown away, yet as I threw up

my bedroom windows, I thought I heard a note or two ever so faint from behind the clump of pines and the orchard; I was not sure. But the crickets—I had forgotten how loud they were. Their vibrations streamed over me as from a world I had never known. It was the very preoccupation of sound, multitudinous, primordial, sound pushing forward sound, stark utterance of soil. Night was tremulous with it, bathed in its vastness.

EDWARD A. THURBER.

THE THEATRE.

INNOVATORS OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

THE French stage has been left far behind in that rapid and revolutionary advancement which has swept the theatre of Europe as a whole. As a result we have little record of the advances which it has made in the last few years. To-day, when the progressive movement in the French theatre is gaining such impetus that its cumulative effect has become suddenly evident, we may designate five innovators who (in addition to Copeau, Lugné-Poë and Pitoev, already widely discussed) have contributed largely to the creation of a better theatrical prospect in France. They are: Firmin Gémier, Jacques Rouché, Jean Cocteau, Charles Dullin and Gaston Baty.

Of these five, Gémier is the most continuous and indefatigable worker in all branches of the theatre, and the one who has come closest to the general French public. Trained with Antoine in the realistic school of which the latter was the real European founder, he has worked in art-theatres, in commercial theatres, in music-halls, and in national democratic playhouses. He is at once the skilled technical actor and the ardent promoter of a vast scheme to educate the masses into a collective theatrical consciousness comparable to that which existed in the classical amphitheatre and the mediæval square. His is, above all, a democratic theory of the theatre. To him the poets are the secretaries of the people; and the theatre of all times is a popular celebration, the materialization of the ideals and emotions of the composite human soul, an expression of common joy or sorrow. He would have plays written with type-characters summing up whole categories of men, and setting forth the movements and emotions of crowds. In the provincial folk-lore, in the political history of France, and in the vast industrial movements of the present, he sees material for great dramatic creations vital to the people as a whole. These are Gémier's ideals. As to methods, he believes in the possibility of guiding a public which he sees as waiting amiably to be interested or amused, with no strong previous prejudice in any direction. It is in an attempt to realize his social purpose that Gémier has plunged into the infinite difficulties of routine and finance involved in the creation of a Théâtre National Populaire. The hall of the Trocadéro requires a great deal to make it a theatre; nevertheless, performances have been given at very low prices (chiefly by the already established groups of the Théâtre Français and the Odéon), and the people have been made an actual part of some of the productions. The remains of the ancient theatre called the Arènes de Lutèce, not far from Paris, are the subject of one of Gémier's most enthusiastic projects to recreate the festival-spirit of the drama. So far, the problems of reconstruction and adaptation have not been financially met by the State. Meantime, from the days when he belonged to Antoine's early company of players, Gémier has been involved in various sorts of stage-activity. He appeared

at the Maison de l'Œuvre in the first production of Jarry's "Ubu Roi" as far back as 1896, and revived the same extravagant farce at the Théâtre Antoine years later. Indeed his years as director of the Théâtre Antoine were most prolific. There he created his very personal and unorthodox version of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," now in the repertoire of the Odéon. New York has seen at first-hand the Americanized version of a Gémier production which was called in the United States "Spanish Love." It employed with brilliant and thrilling effect the smashing colours, mass-movement, and swirling of crowds through the house and up and down the steps of the fore-stage, which are Gémier's favourite procedures. At the Cirque d'Hiver Gémier made a famous experiment in the use of a round circus-structure for theatrical production, and in the employment of clowns as performers. In his regular productions he does not hesitate to borrow from the circus or the music-hall certain popular effects. Gémier was the producer also of the more intimate type of drama in the beautiful little Comédie Montaigne (now the Comédie Champs Elysées where Pitoev is housed). Gémier's repertoire there included such pieces as Claudel's "L'Annonce faite à Marie," Shaw's "Arms and the Man" and Lenormand's "Le Simoun." In the last-named play he found one of his greatest acting parts, a rôle comparable to those of the Attic drama; and his interpretation of it ranged from repressed and meticulous naturalism in the early scenes to a kind of lyric grandeur at the end. When Hackett was invited by the French Government to produce Shakespeare in English in Paris, it was Gémier who was associated with the event, playing on the same programme in French. As a legitimate actor in plays of the most diverse character at typical Parisian theatres, as an impersonator in popular music-halls, Gémier has been acclaimed by the public with equal enthusiasm. His appointment to the directorship of the Odéon was an important step in the advancement of the French stage. He has already made notable modifications in the staging at the Odéon. The suppression of the rampe, the use of steps and platforms, the employment of *avant-scène* boxes as entrances, the mingling of audiences and actors in a sympathetic ensemble—these are revolutionary indeed in the Second National Theatre of France. It is clear that Gémier in ideals and methods comes very close to Reinhardt. Indeed, Gémier invited the German producer to come and mount a group of plays at the Odéon; a proposal which encountered some opposition from chauvinists who refused to divorce art and politics, but was indicative of Gémier's international feeling. He has succeeded in establishing an interchange of ideas with Denmark. At the Odéon the repertoire is being constantly extended. Shakespeare, Shaw, Anatole France, Lenormand, Sarment, Eugene O'Neill and George Middleton are names that figure these days on the *affiches* in front of the Odéon. But out of all proportion to the intrinsic value of Gémier's reforms, is the influence which they exert in coming from so thorough a theatrical insider as he is, and in being now executed in so official a place as a State theatre.

Jacques Rouché, now director of the Opéra, was a decade ago the leader of one of the notable insurgent movements in the French theatre. A student of the newer developments in stage-presentation, he made in the early years of the century a European journey of investigation which resulted in the publication in 1910 of his book, "L'Art Théâtral Moderne"; and in an immediate subsequent attempt to put the theories of

this book into execution. Between 1910 and 1912 at the Théâtre des Arts, equipped with something resembling a sky-dome, Rouché directed a notable collaboration of painters, musicians and authors. It was an attempt to apply to plain drama that harmony of rhythmic, plastic and decorative arts achieved in the less literal field of the Ballet by the Diaghilev organization. The focusing of attention upon setting and costumes as elements in a complete work of art, and not simply as means toward the creation of a realistic illusion, was, in the France of 1910, a strongly original theory of stage-production. The repertoire gave opportunity for the application of this theory to all sorts of material. Saint Georges de Bouhélier's "Carnaval des Enfants," Molière's "Sicilien," the Copeau-Croué version of "Les Frères Karamazov," Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession," these and others of diverse character were mounted by artists now well known, like De Thomas, Drésa, Piot, Segonzac, Leprade, and even Paul Poiret. After two years, Rouché's régime at the Théâtre des Arts, because of the financial difficulties usual in such experiments, came to an end. True, Rouché's directorship at the Opéra has been marked by the calling in of some of these former collaborators, but there is nothing to-day exactly comparable to those two seasons at the old Théâtre des Arts. To-day the theatre of that name is in charge of Rudolph Darzens, who, like Gémier, comes down from the days of Antoine and is a student of the European stage at large. Under his direction the theatre has seen some interesting presentations, but the repertoire is a mixture of the important and the ordinary, the production uneven and directed to no such definite objective as was Rouché's.

No theatrical innovator, surely, ever exerted so much influence without working in a theatre of his own as does Jean Cocteau. He had been associated with the Russian Ballet from its early days in Western Europe, a sympathetic factor in its most advanced projects, even a contributor to its repertoire, long before the production of "Parade" made his name generally known in that connexion. "Parade" itself, when it was first produced in Paris, with Satie's consciously simple music, the cubistic settings and gigantic mechanical costumes of Picasso, and its textual glorification of the circus and the acrobat, was one of the earliest and most influential revolutionary elements in the Ballet's now transformed repertoire. Cocteau has been even more involved in the production of the Swedish Ballet. "Le Bœuf sur le Toit" and "Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel" are not only strong satire and high fantasy, but illustrations of important ideas in staging—the use of the grotesque masque and the delivery of lines through a phonograph-horn at the side of the stage. The music of the Groupe des Six, which is an essential part of these ballets, indeed the whole output of these young composers, owes much of its fame to the activities of Cocteau. The modern simplification of "Antigone" made by Cocteau, with settings by Picasso, is one of the notable presentations in Dullin's repertoire at the Théâtre Montmartre. Cocteau's books, too, with their epigrammatic statement of more or less radical ideas, and his constant writings in newspapers and periodicals are strong influences in the transformation of the French stage which is now in progress.

Most typical of the advance-guard director, as we understand the term, is Dullin, the apostle of hard work. After being associated with Copeau (his was a famous portrayal of Smerdiakov in the early production by the Vieux Colombier of "Frères Karamazov"),

he became the director of what at first seemed to be merely a branch of the Vieux Colombier. His group of workers took the name of the Atelier, and after some struggling seasons came into possession of the remodelled Théâtre Montmartre, in the fine old Place Dancourt. The stage resembles that of the Vieux Colombier in shape, and the administrative system is modelled after Copeau's. But Dullin has shown himself a much greater plunger than Copeau in both repertoire and production. Calderon's "Life is a Dream" was presented on a high narrow super-stage with costumes suggesting Velazquez. Pirandello's "La Volupté de l'Honneur" was done in an appropriate atmosphere of forced and intensely sustained refinement. Grau's "Monsieur Pygmalion" utilized in its ironic marionette-romance an intermingling of the real and the imaginary which partakes of both Pirandello's "Six Characters" and the ballet-tale of "Petroutchka." Cocteau's version of "Antigone," mentioned above, was presented before Picasso's plain blue background with a few lines to suggest a temple, and the chorus represented by a group of masques at one side, their composite voice coming through a black disk in the centre. A group of very youthful French playwrights has been given opportunity at the Atelier, with *mise-en-scène* as youthful and unhackneyed as their texts. Arnoux's "Huon de Bordeaux" had at least one scene as idyllic as the love-boat episode in "The Yellow Jacket": a boat-scene, too, with only a great brown sail surmounting a wooden structure set up in front of a blue abyss. Dullin is poor and he has courageously continued a vital struggle, that of theatrical innovation in the face of public inertia. It is difficult to choose between this vitality of his and the more measured but equally ardent purpose of Copeau. For, while we may quarrel with the Vieux Colombier for its somewhat conservative repertoire, the Atelier has the unfortunate way of doing things which are interesting, in settings which are original and often beautiful, without the poise or the finish or the artistic inspiration to give them real beauty. In estimating Dullin one must usually count motives and the elements employed rather than the result achieved.

Gaston Baty, director of the group called Les Compagnons de la Chimère, which was founded in 1922, bears in a slight degree the same relation to Gémier that Dullin bears to Copeau. He was *metteur-en-scène* for Gémier at the Comédie Montaigne and the Cirque d'Hiver. When Gémier went to the Odéon, Baty entered upon a period as an independent director. Recently he rounded the circle and went to assist Gémier again, this time at the Odéon. In Paris, Baty's name has come to be most frequently associated with scenic innovation. Because he has spoken on various occasions of the necessity for organizing, along with the dialogue, all the elements of stage-production—lighting, gesture, movement, even silence—into a unity of effect, he has often been accused of exalting *mise-en-scène* at the expense of the text. Against this misunderstanding Baty is always protesting; but the often suspicious conservative and the occasionally anxious author found further excuse for this notion in his attention to scenic equipment when he built a *baraque* to house his players. This temporary structure, erected in a little space between two regulation Paris buildings on the Boulevard Saint-Germain, was one of the most original manifestations of Baty's activity. It made no pretension to being anything but the wooden make-shift called in the war-camps a hut, but it was not unattractive, painted grey within and without, its façade decorated with brightly coloured human figures.

Scenically it was equipped with forestage, inner stage, plastic volumes for the distribution of stage-space, a light pit, and a sky-dome. Its productions tended too much toward conscious effects, with a taste inclining slightly toward the "arty," but in the French theatre of to-day these are minor shortcomings. Aside from the building of an actual independent structure in house-hunting Paris, Baty established another precedent of importance in the management of an advance-guard theatre. He appointed a play-reading committee of the most diverse modern authors, retaining for himself full power only in the matter of production. Lenormand, Saint Georges de Bouhélier, Emile Mazaud, Adolph Orna, Jean Sarment were among the members: an interesting attempt to safeguard the eclecticism of his repertoire. With the closing of the Chimère there has come to an end another interlude, not without its importance in the advancement of the French theatre.

FLORENCE GILLIAM.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

IN DEFENCE OF AENEAS.

SIRS: Mr. Harvey calls Aeneas the dirtiest blackguard in literature. Why? Because he did not marry Dido? According to Mr. Harvey adequate femininity means a woman's power to make a man marry her for the sake of her children, and adequate masculinity means a man's power to avoid being caught in the toils. On these grounds he justly convicts Dido for inadequate femininity, but why should he condemn Aeneas for adequate masculinity? He says Aeneas, like a coward, blames his departure from Dido on the fates. Anyone knows why a man leaves the side of the woman he does not have to leave, but some men are curs, and tell the truth. Aeneas was a modest gentleman. If Mr. Harvey wishes to blame Aeneas he should do so for his having chosen, for his love, a woman who was not truly feminine. Such a woman is not interested in suicide. It is never necessary. I am, etc.,

New York City.

JANE BOYD ROBINSON.

THE BRITISH DEBT.

SIRS: The gaiety of nations has not, perhaps, been increased, but one reader, at any rate, has been amused by the frequent remarks in the *Freeman* derogatory to the British agreement to pay their debt to the United States. The British is the only nation that has so much as proposed to pay its debts. Yet you are unkind enough, in a recent issue, to say with reference to some press-talk that "the revival of this defunct topic presages another attempt on the part of our cousins debtors to repudiate their commitments." In another issue you express grudging approval of Premier Poincaré's flat refusal to pay anything at all, apparently because it is more "honest" than the British agreement to pay, which you do not believe will be kept.

But why will it not be kept? There is no doubt that the obligation was not undertaken by the British Government without due consideration of all that it involved. Probably the conclusion arrived at was somewhat along the following lines. International debts can only be paid by goods or services. Under the present economic system it is advantageous for any nation to supply its goods and services to other nations. Work is thereby provided for its people, occasions arise for business-transactions which will prove economically profitable to its business-men. Furthermore, the supplying of these goods and services will naturally continue along the grooves already worn for them long after the occasion under which they originally arose has passed by.

Of course, under fair economic conditions this repayment would mean that certain British people would make goods or supply services for certain American people, who would therefore have so much more leisure. Conditions being as they are, the British will supply these goods and services, and American people, to that extent, will have less business or will be out of work.

This is the "nigger in the woodpile" so far as all payments of the war-debts are concerned. The British people being better educated in economics than their American cousins, we find, just for this reason, frequent expression in England of a desire to wipe all debts and reparations off the slate.

It may be—possibly is—another example of the long-visioned perfidy of the British to agree to pay their debt to Uncle Sam, but it must be admitted that the American people wanted it paid, and want all their debts paid. What they will do with them when, if ever, all America's debtors begin to pay up, is another story, and will prove quite an interesting study in international economics. I am, etc.,

Vancouver, British Columbia.

H. E. TURTLE.

THE PRESENT SITUATION IN INDIA.

SIRS: The first Indian Reformed Councils elected under the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme have been prorogued with the usual ceremonious speech. The Viceroy eulogized the marked spirit of moderation shown by those who, three years ago, chose to disregard the Congress edict and went into the Councils to co-operate with the foreign British Government in India, thus giving moral support to all the illegal actions of the foreign bureaucracy. He vilified the part played—a noble part indeed it was—by Gandhi and his followers during the past three years. He justified the measures taken by the viceregal Government in tyrannizing over the non-cooperators, and at the same time gave an effective rebuke to those members who at times rose above their subservience and kicked against their real helplessness.

It must be understood that when first the British Government announced the formation of representative institutions of a sort, moderate gentlemen, those eminent at the bar, merchant-princes, landlords with several thousands of acres of ancestral land, captains of industry, planters growing fat on the sweat of coolies at fourpence a day, all rushed to offer themselves for election. By the action of a few voters these gentlemen were installed as true representatives of the people of India, of whom not more than one in a thousand had a vote. A very large majority of the voters stood aside and refused to recognize the so-called parliaments set up by the very people who were responsible for, or condoned, the terrible massacre of Amritsar. Indeed, of those privileged to vote, only ten per cent exercised the right.

The newly-elected members soon demonstrated their uselessness. Three years of their term have seen the greatest squandermania, the complete collapse of representative institutions as they are known in Europe and America, and the imprisonment of the noblest and the greatest of the Indian leaders. At the bidding of the English Ministers, more than fifty per cent of India's revenues were voted away for an army which, like all armies, has given neither peace nor security. New taxes—iniquitous taxes—were levied; even the poor man's salt, which is a vitally essential part of his food, was taxed 200 per cent over and above what it had been. No form of property-tax was levied, for that would have been taxing the members themselves!

There have undoubtedly been moments when these misrepresentatives of the people have shown a little courage, and even carried it so far as to defeat the Government; but these courageous moments have been very few, and the attitude of the members—though nominally independent—has still been one of servile loyalty to the alien Raj. The people can never forgive them, however, for their support of the Government when a motion for the release of Mahatma Gandhi was proposed and encountered governmental opposition.

Such is the brief sketch of the Parliament that an Imperial British edict brought into being to teach a nation of 330 millions the art of self-government; a thing which, in one form or another, they have practised from time immemorial! This Parliament is now happily dissolved, and a fresh election is to take place in October or November. There are no parties, in the real sense of the word, to contest the elections. People who have offered themselves for election have not been chosen by any caucus. They have no special policy for which they require a special mandate. India being a country with no foreign relations there are no complications in that field. There remains the army, police, civil service, etc., and none

of these is a votable subject, because, if supplies are withheld, the Viceroy can provide them by a special power vested in him. There is however a suggestion of future party-division to be found in our body-politic between those who, like Mr. Sastri, are blind followers of imperialistic Britain, and a rather mute but not quite unimportant body of Young Indians, who would not be satisfied with anything short of a Federated Republic of the United States of India—a noble ideal, the sooner attained the better.

But in spite of the want of clear-cut party-divisions, the next elections will see a keen contest between those members who call themselves Moderates—those now in power—and the Swarajists who are giving their support to Mr. C. R. Das. Mr. Das, in spite of the orders of the Congress, has raised a banner of revolt and is exhorting and organizing to capture the Councils to end them. Before he joined Gandhi, Mr. Das was an eminent barrister with a practice of something like \$175,000 a year, which he has now given up. He organized the boycott of the Prince of Wales, who, when he visited many cities of India, had to pass through empty streets and deserted ways. For this service Mr. Das received a sentence of six months with hard labour, like a common felon.

The Swarajists command considerable influence, not as a party, but because individually they have undergone sufferings for the country. This, however, does not necessarily foreshadow success for several reasons. First and foremost, there is the Governmental opposition. Rules have been found to debar from membership those who have been in jail for six months or more. Several special constituencies have been created for the representation of landholders and chambers of commerce, all of which would oppose any unorthodox party. The Swarajists are lacking in that driving force which a bold and well-cut policy gives. They have no fixed goal, and no fixed line of attack. They would oppose every Government measure, they say. If they have a large majority they would not attend, thus preventing a quorum; otherwise they would persistently oppose and refuse all supplies, and thus make Government impossible except through executive veto. This Parnellian policy of obstruction is certainly attractive, but it is not enough for the people, filled with a profound distrust of those who, even *bona fides*, go into Governmental councils.

To-day the heat of the non-coöperation movement has passed, and a kind of lethargy has set in which is considerably cooling the whole political movement in India. More than that, the Swarajists are entering the Councils against the wishes of the Congress, a very large majority of whose members have a great dislike for any kind of co-operation whatsoever. They have disavowed the whole scheme of reforms, which they characterize as thoroughly useless, a mere sop. They consider it derogatory for India to receive as a gift a Constitution of so dubious a character. England, they say, is holding us in abject slavery: our nationals are insulted all over the British Empire, and consequently outside of it, too: we are the pariahs of the Empire, and our very existence has become unbearable. In a temper like this the prospects are not very bright, but, even at that, the people much prefer the Swarajists to the Moderates, and it will be a great surprise if the former do not succeed in capturing a number of seats—fewer, however, than they expect.

Whichever party wins, the real working-class, peasant India, cares not. For the moment she is lying low. Her great leaders are behind iron bars, rotting, and there are no others to take their places. The battle for national freedom, for liberty and independence, is in abeyance, but it is bound to come up and to be waged in full vigour, and that soon. The reforms, the dominion status, a place in the League of Nations may satisfy Sastris, Sapruses, and even Gandhi, but young India thinks differently. It desires to see the Motherland take her rightful place amongst the great nations of the world. "Independence" within a commonwealth may sound well, but as long as the idea of "superiority," as it is embodied in the Kenya decision, prevails, this is a practical impossibility. India is out for independence, and we are bound to take it, not to extend any empire, but to contribute our best to the world's thought, by developing native culture, and thus to make India fit for scholars to live in as in times of yore. I am, etc.,

Lahore, India.

J. L. KAPUR.

BOOKS.

ERASMUS.

ERASMUS provoked, during his lifetime, a wide diversity of opinions. His "Colloquies" were denounced by Luther and by Loyola alike. The same divergency has persisted into our own day. Professor Smith,¹ in his concluding chapter on the career of the great Dutch humanist, assembles all these contradictory estimates, contemporary and modern, and adds his own. His own is favourable: a man scarcely extends himself through some 450 pages (almost every one having its deep sediment of notes), along with appendices, *corrigenda et addenda*, bibliography, and a copious index, only to say in the end that he is displeased with his subject. Yes, Professor Smith approves of Erasmus, as many another discriminating modern has come to do.

The conspicuous value of the book is that Erasmus is studied not in detachment, but upon the background of his own turbulent and contentious age. Erasmus, in his own person, passed through those *Corrigenda* and *Addenda* which are known to our day as the Renaissance and the Reformation. He gave the latter at first a moderate support; later he treated it with a benevolent neutrality; and in the end, though rather as the scholar than as the theologian, turned his face against it.

The difference between Renaissance and Reformation is summed up by the author in a single paragraph:

In addition to this difference of emphasis on the things of the spirit and the things of the mind, the only important contrast between Renaissance and Reformation is that the first was an aristocratic, the second a popular, movement. The humanist sought to educate the classes; the Reformer to convert the masses. A corollary of this was that the former was international, the latter national. Erasmus's pacifism was based on a cosmopolitan culture that found any fatherland but the world too small; the intensification of nationalism following the Reformation was but the logical effect of the appeal to the patriotic peoples. The humanists spoke Latin, the Reformers the vernacular.

However, it is the similarity between the Renaissance and the Reformation, rather than the difference, that engages and interests Professor Smith. He dissents from the many writers of the past half-century who have regarded the Reformation as totally different from the Renaissance, a reaction against it and not a development of it. He returns to the older opinion, common in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, that the two movements were nearly allied, as more correct:

Both were animated by a desire for a return to antiquity, a nostalgia for the golden age of both pagan Rome and of Christianity. Both were revolts against the mediæval scholasticism. Neither was primarily intellectual or rational; both were literary and emotional reactions. . . . Both were reactions against the asceticism and other-worldliness of the Middle Ages. The Renaissance saw the cultural, the Reformation the ethical, value of wealth, industry, prosperity, and of women; and both, in comparison with Catholicism, stressed the claims of this world rather than those of the next. Finally, both were children of the newly-grown cities and of the bourgeois class, first brought to power in the State by the capitalistic revolution.

Professor Smith goes farther and deprecates the emphasis which has been placed on both movements in the history of the period of transition from mediæval to modern times. These movements, together with the

¹ "Erasmus: a Study of His Life, Ideals and Place in History." Preserved Smith. New York: Harper & Bros. \$4.00.

politics and the explorations of the period, have almost monopolized the attention of the historians. But at the same time an economic revolution was under way—the change from guild-production to capitalism; and still beyond this lay the new discoveries in science. Thus Renaissance and Reformation are both relatively smaller than they commonly appear to be, and it becomes easier to view them as, fundamentally, two different branches of the same movement.

Erasmus himself, humanist and theologian, was not greatly concerned about the advent of capitalism; nor did Copernicus tax the worthy man's thought much more than Raphael or Michelangelo, amongst whose works he could move, as a Roman sojourner, with a masterly unconsciousness of their consequence. In "The Praise of Folly" he comes nearer to commenting on the astronomers than elsewhere:

How sweetly they rave when . . . they measure the sun, moon, stars, and spheres as though with a tape to an inch, when they explain the cause of thunder, the winds, eclipses, and other inexplicable phenomena . . . as though they were the private secretaries of creative Nature or had descended from the council of the gods to us, while in the meantime Nature magnificently laughs at them and at their conjectures.

Thus for the "natural philosophers." But the great Italian painters and sculptors do not seem to have existed for him at all. Well, every man to his own: the Italy of Erasmus was the Italy of the humanists rather than of the artists.

Erasmus's relations to the Reformation—and especially to Luther—form a cardinal point in his career. He began with a "preference"—as Professor Smith expresses it—for the man of Wittenberg, and really felt a desire, if not to help him, at least to keep him from unjust persecution. In 1520, during the sixty days which Rome gave Luther to recant, he wrote cautiously to one of the cardinals, pointing out how odiously Luther had been treated—unwarned, untaught, unrefuted, only attacked and persecuted. He tried to devise a plan whereby "the friar might win the glory of obedience and the pope that of clemency." But presently Luther's excesses—his "Babylonian Captivity" and his burning of the canon law at Wittenberg—convinced Erasmus that Luther's cause was hopeless: what could one do for a man who acted as if he did not want to be saved? Besides, Erasmus was cautious, and he was fastidious. A robust friar, intent rather on polemics than on culture, was too much for him. In more letters than one he drives home the point that he can no longer support a man who, not content with wilfully courting martyrdom, would bring down the cause of learning in his own ruin. One feels more emphasis on the learning than on the martyrdom.

Erasmus's destined place was the middle of the road, and with a light and cautious tread he stepped from the mediaeval to the modern world. He was for an undogmatic religion and an ethical piety. He was the champion of the "philosophy of Christ," by which he understood a simple, rational and classical Christianity. When a theological position was emphasized by party-passion it became distasteful to him. The battle he fought was the battle of sound learning and plain common sense against the powers of ignorance and superstition. Amidst the convulsions of the period he never lost his mental balance. He kept his own head while others as good were falling.

Though he had done more than a little to clear his skirts of the Reformation, he was still appealed to, oddly enough, from time to time, as an umpire or

peacemaker. "While the extremists of both parties reviled him, moderate Catholics and Protestants alike turned to him for final judgment." When not treated as an outlaw, he was viewed as the arbiter of Christendom. Before the opening of the Great Diet of Augsburg, in 1530, which was expected to reconcile the contending parties, he was plied with letters from both sides urging him to use his influence in favour of compromise. It is as an arbiter, worthy of his place, that Professor Smith, in the end, sees him: another Romain Rolland, in fact, *au-dessus de la mêlée*:

The man to whom all Europe turned at the crisis of religious conflict as to an umpire and whom zealots then reviled because he would not prostitute his judicial office to their petty ends, can be neither accepted by us as having spoken the final word on the Reformation, nor reproached for not anticipating the verdict that we ourselves may give. . . . Convincing as I am that the Reformation was fundamentally a progressive movement, the culmination of the Renaissance, and above all the logical outcome of the teachings of Erasmus himself, I can not but regard his later rejection of it as a mistake in itself and as a misfortune to the cause of liberalism. But . . . the world is too big a stage, human motives and aspirations are too complex, to allow the historian to choose one man or one cause as eternally right and so condemn all others as wrong.

Erasmus the classical scholar—the collator of Greek texts toward a bettered New Testament, and the distinguished Latin stylist—receives his due meed of attention. Of Erasmus's "perfectly living treatment" of the latter language the author writes with emphatic praise:

The very fact that the tongue he wrote was not exactly that of ancient Rome, that it was enriched when necessary with new words, and that it did not even precisely follow the classical usage in the more intricate sequences of moods and tenses, proves not that the writer was careless or ignorant, but that he had a different feeling for the value of words, due to an evolution in human thought itself and, within the narrow limits set by his own taste, perfectly legitimate. . . . Erasmus, mastering his medium and not mastered by it, fitted modern thoughts into an ancient speech with the ease of a born artist.

Among Erasmus's many writings, the "Colloquies" have attained a certain paradoxical primacy. They were addressed to the young, being intended to "make easy and pleasant the once thorny path of learning for aspiring youth." The earliest of them were not even meant for publication, but piracy required revision and publication in self-defence. The more significant among the later pieces deal with the abuses of the times—with alchemy, pilgrimages, excommunication, with Mariolatry and the worship of the saints, and so on. Their mocking spirit and their free, anti-ecclesiastical tone naturally gave offence to old-fashioned piety. Yet what Erasmus, an earlier Voltaire, turns to ridicule is not so much religion as the false application of it. Luther might find Erasmus worse than Lucian and forbid the "Colloquies" to his sons; yet its vitality and vendibility as a textbook were considerable; the work sold enormously throughout Europe and enjoyed a success second only to that of the vernacular Bibles.

It is impossible, of course, to represent the career of Erasmus under any aspect suggestive of self-sacrifice or heroism. But he completed his due allotment of years in days when many noble natures were snuffed out untimely, and he left an almost unparalleled impress upon his age and the succeeding one. Like Petrarch, the "first modern man of letters," he associated on intimate terms with the great, and he had no hesitancy in asking favours of them, from the Pope down. Still, there is no need, as in the case

of Bacon, to avert our eyes from the spectacle of "so much glory and so much shame." Though Luther, in Professor Smith's opinion, acted a nobler, more heroic, and more justifiable part than Erasmus, yet Erasmus acted creditably enough within the limits set by his own nature. He saw that in human parties all the good is never on one side, nor all the evil on the other. What weighed with him most was his belief that he was finally consistent in championing the two causes of undogmatic piety and of sound culture. He laid his stresses according to his own predilections—as many a good man has done before and since.

HENRY B. FULLER.

THE ART OF THOMAS HARDY.

THE publishing house of Dodd, Mead and Company has done a rare service for the numerous admirers of Thomas Hardy's work, and indeed for all who care for what is distinguished in English literature, in bringing out a new edition of "The Art of Thomas Hardy,"¹ by Lionel Johnson. From the day of its first publication in 1894 this book has had a very special place in the field of literary criticism; not so much, perhaps, for its restrained, clear-sighted estimate of Hardy's genius as from the fact that in its pages one is initiated into the very quintessence of the author's own refined and solitary temper.

Lionel Johnson was born at Broadstairs in Kent in 1867, and ever since his tragic death in 1902 there has been an increasing interest in the fragmentary writings he left behind him. Educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, he was eminently fitted, it would have seemed, to belong to that company of doomed, damned and radiant figures who gave so curious a tone to the final decade of the nineteenth century. He was one of them but with a difference. A member of the Rhymers' Club, he would attend their meetings, sitting, we are told, in a darkened corner—a boy "with the features of a maiden of seventeen." He allowed his work to appear in the *Yellow Book* and the *Savoy*; and yet, like a young monk in the midst of a troop of beautiful naked pagans, he remained, in spite of his associations, strangely aloof all the time, aloof and inaccessible and excessively chaste. He himself has said as much:

They wrong with ignorance a royal choice
Who cavil at my loneliness and labour.
For them, the living wonder of a voice,
The viol's cry for them, the harp and tabour.
For me divine austerity,
And voices of philosophy.

There is indeed something very delightful in the picture of this young boy escaping from such sophisticated coteries to spend his holidays down in the West Country: his simple yet cultured imagination, at home in the past rather than the present, stimulated to exquisite reciprocity by the homely old-world beauty of the county of Dorset. In sentence after sentence he shows how completely during those happy excursions he gave himself up to the sweet influence of Wessex.

In a kind of ecstasy he wandered from country town to country town, now sitting in the tap-room of the "Three Tuns" at Sherborne, dreaming "with bills of sale and agricultural notices" on the walls, that he was himself one of the characters of Mr. Hardy's books; now loitering through Abbotsbury, observing how the mullioned gateways of the old bartons bulged with the foison of last year's harvest; now noting how the "thatched roofs sloped down to the ground among tall flowers"; now inhaling the very breath, the very atmosphere of that calm,

immemorial landscape, still to this day so undisturbed by the cark and clamour of industry, with its "cool dairies, and blazing gardens; its shining cart horses under chestnut trees; and cows called in at milking time."

Thus it fell to the lot of this inspired and dedicated youth "who looked like some old-fashioned child who had strayed by chance into an assembly of men" to be the first critic to recognize the monumental and noble power of Mr. Hardy's work. When Walter Pater was writing reviews of "Robert Elsmere" and "Dorian Gray," when Oscar Wilde was assuring a too credulous age that "no gentleman ever looked out of the window," when Henry James was referring to the West Country novelist as "little Hardy," this sensitive, delicate monastic was hailing with complete assurance the advent of a new great master; and this before the publication of "Jude the Obscure," or "The Dynasts," or any of Mr. Hardy's poetical works.

And what an amazing book of literary devotion Lionel Johnson produced! It is a book whose every page contains a graceful quotation, a recondite reference pressed close together, side by side, like wild flowers in a favoured volume, some from familiar home-paddocks and some from lands strange, remote and antique. "The Art of Thomas Hardy" remains a veritable treasure-house for those who care for æsthetic literary appreciations.

It is amusing to mark the thrusts that Johnson makes against the literary fashions of "the placid cosmopolitans" by whom he was surrounded. In spite of the "silly dialect of the day" he is not afraid to assert that "an artist is forbidden, by the facts of his natural structure, to dissociate his ethics from his æsthetics." It may be that his devotion to Catholicism causes him upon occasion to resent unduly that most characteristic aspect of Hardy's writing which he so happily describes as an "uncanny sort of pleased and sly malevolence," a tendency, in short, "to insert fragments of that reasoning which has brought him to his dark conclusion." This attitude of revolt, however, is so indigenous a part of the great pessimist's nature that one finds it difficult to agree that the artistic merit of his work is often marred by its expression. The existence of such examples of blasphemy as are selected by Lionel Johnson to illustrate his case can surely hardly be regretted. One thinks, for instance, of the famous apostrophe at the end of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles": "Justice' was done, and the President of the Immortals (in Æschylean phrase) had ended his sport with Tess."

Lionel Johnson also took exception to Hardy's disposition to introduce uncommon and "learned" words into some of his more heightened passages. "The oat-harvest began, and all the men were afiel'd under a monochromatic Lammas sky, amid the trembling air and short shadows of noon." In this sentence he quarrels with the juxtaposition of monochromatic with Lammas, words which, he declares, "are oil and vinegar, refusing to mix." Surely for one who has been accustomed to spend long August days in fields where the thick-set, nutritious acreages of yellow grain are enclosed from golden horizon to golden horizon by that particular dun metallic blue of the late summer, it would be no very hard task to justify the use of these two words.

The book contains a valuable supplementary chapter on the poetry of Thomas Hardy by Mr. J. E. Barton. "The surface of his verse," the latter says truly enough, "is obstinate, knotty, and close-grained," and, like everything that has been touched by "that romantic hand so stubbornly individual," is easily recognizable. Indeed, Mr. Barton sums up the whole matter most fortunately when he says: "The truth is that from the beginning, both in prose and verse, Mr. Hardy has always added a cosmic sweep of imagination to his close grip of the immediate and visible."

LLEWELYN POWYS.

¹ "The Art of Thomas Hardy." Lionel Johnson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.50.

TWO CÆSARS.

WHEN a college professor undertakes to write another textbook one is merely inclined to hope that one shall not be obliged to read it. But when a popular novelist with a certain talent for flamboyancy abandons the cape and sword in order to compose an authentic work of history, one feels that the result may be really interesting. So eager is the reader to see the dry bones of history reclothed by a mind which has the rare instinct for the past that he is disposed to hope for everything even from a Sabatini, and willing to back him against a whole battalion of professors.

It is a little surprising then that our feeling toward these two works should be directly the opposite of our expectation. It is the Oxford Senior Tutor who, for all his airs and crochets, occasionally makes us smile, and it is the popular romancer who more than often bores us.

The author of "Scaramouche" begins his biography of Cesare Borgia¹ with these auspicious words: "This is a record of strenuous men in a strenuous age; a lustful, flamboyant age; an age red with blood and pale with passion at white heat; an age of steel and velvet; an age of vivid colour, etc. etc. . ." I was about to throw the book down and write: "A thoroughly good time will be had by all readers of Mr. Sabatini's latest romance," or words to that effect, when, alas, I read on and speedily discovered my mistake. The rutilant phraseology was only a blind; Mr. Sabatini has really written a serious biography. There is precious little steel and velvet in it, and far too illiberal a supply of red blood and pale passion to suit our thoroughly depraved tastes in these matters. Instead there are dusty and elaborate inquiries into the morals of the Borgia family and long and conscientious refutations of German historians. Mr. Sabatini has written a genuinely scholarly book. Only occasionally his weakness for gaily caparisoned words like "pascent," "cadent," "mordacious," "predelict," "talion," etc., gets the better of him, but it is only for a moment. To turn from a question of words to a question of fact, one does not see what authority he has for calling Voltaire an "atheist" in any strict sense of the word, or for alluding to the reign of Paul III as a "scandalous pontificate"; Paul III being quite a good old sort as later Renaissance popes went. Indeed, a really scandalous Pope after the Reformation would have been an anachronism. But apart from such details, one must confess with sorrow to finding the Borgia of Mr. Sabatini a little disappointing and dull. For one thing, he is not the first in the field, even in English. There was, in the Yellow 'Nineties, a curious English writer with a passion for various *noms de plume*, whom Mr. Sabatini has included in his bibliography and whom he has perhaps read with profit. Under the name of "Father Rolfe" he wrote a strange novel called "Hadrian the Seventh," and under that of "Baron Corvo" he wrote the "Chronicles of the House of Borgia." The latter covers the same ground as does Mr. Sabatini, and it is written by a real, if rather eccentric, stylist. "Baron Corvo," however, was a fairly shameless whitewasher of dissolute popes and predatory popes' bastards, while Mr. Sabatini, as he himself says correctly, does not whitewash; he merely tries to strip the picture of the matter with which political hatred and clerical tittle-tattle have smeared it. Once this is said, however, it must be added that Mr. Sabatini's Cesare Borgia, though a vivid, does not seem a very significant, figure. The fair and terrible Lord of the Romagna was something more than the hero of a cinema-campaign, or a costumer's dummy of white damask with rubies "as large as beans" in his cap. He was the pacifier of the Romagna, the destroyer of baronial anarchy in the Papal States, the progenitor of those realistic statesmen who made the centralized Italy

of our time. The fact, also, that he was the model of Macchiavelli's "Prince," which, according to Mr. Wells, has exerted such a demoniac influence over all modern statesmanship, is worthy of note. There is something impressive and touching in the epitaph of his tomb far away in Spanish Navarre, a tomb that was not suffered to rest undisturbed, but was destroyed two centuries later by the bishop of the place in a spasm of pious horror:

Here in a little earth lies one whom all did fear; one whose hands dispensed both peace and war. O you who go in search of things deserving praise, if you would praise the worthiest, then let your journey end here, nor trouble to go farther.

Mr. Bernard Henderson, sometime Fellow of Merton, Senior Tutor of Exeter and author of "The Life of Hadrian,"² has no use for pacifists. "There is little room for them in this crowded, work-a-day world," says he in his preface. It is not without sympathy that one pictures the old gentleman sitting by the ivied oriel, boning away complacently at his "Hadrian," and haunted perpetually by the bitter presence of modern irritations, ex-President Wilsons and other similar enemies of the English God, people who, in the days of his beloved Pax Romana, would certainly have been made to open their veins like Seneca at the request of Nero. For Mr. Henderson, Hadrian is primarily sympathetic because he was "the least enthusiastic of mankind." Really he was enthusiastic for nothing except Antinous and a kind of sublimated globe-trotting. Those incorrigible enthusiasts, the Jews, so bored him by their fanaticism that he was finally compelled to make a holocaust in their capital, where he erected a temple to Venus on the site of Christ's sepulchre. He was a man of limited but always striking ideas, a perpetrator of ineptitudes so enormous that they became dignified and almost touched the sublime. Later, by way of making up to the Christians for that happy idea of his in Judea, he offered Christ a vacant place in the Pantheon, or rather the divine menagerie of international deities that pullulated in Rome. The reply of the bishops is not on record, but it is undeniable that the Fathers were always very acrimonious on the subject of this Cæsar. The episode of Antinous, it might be said, was pie to them. "What next," exclaimed the violent Tertullian; "a —— made a God!" "Let us leave the matter open," said the more charitable Aurelius Victor. "And yet . . ." Hadrian took his revenge on the sect in the so-called Letter to Servianus, now considered by many as apocryphal. "A seditious, addle-pated, riotous crew," he says of the Egyptian Christians. "One and all are devoted to the same God—Money. . . . It is a pity their morals are not better." Then he reverts to more agreeable topics. "I am sending you some multicoloured drinking-cups, dedicated especially to you and to my sister. Please employ them for holiday-feasts, and be careful that my friend Africanus does not abuse them."

Hadrian is one of those minor figures who attract inevitably the student more interested in the nuances of human character than in the play and sweep of great events. The mere fact that he, who was a sceptic, a dilettante, to the superficial eye a mediocre Cæsar, was elevated to the height of his vast and abysmal environment, the supreme arbiter of a hundred and fifty million souls, has a fascination in itself. "If man," says Gibbon in an often quoted sentence, "were to fix the period in the history of the world when the race was most happy, he would name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus." Of this Flavian Golden Age Hadrian was certainly one of the two chief architects. He even gave the Christian Church, despite the disapproval of the Fathers, its "Minor Peace," so eloquently described in the pages of "Marius." It is said that he died like the

¹ "The Life of Cesare Borgia," Rafael Sabatini. New York: Brentano's. \$4.50.

² "The Life and Principate of the Emperor Hadrian." Bernard W. Henderson. New York: Brentano's. \$4.50.

Borgia, worn out with the ingratitude of men and the futility of all things—not before composing five lines of a simple and absolute music in which is revealed something winning and plaintive, something recondite in the man himself:

*Animula vagula blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis.*

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

SHORTER NOTICES.

PROFESSOR HAMLIN's "History of Ornament"¹ deals with the superficies of architecture, interior decoration, and furnishing in Western Europe and America, from the dawn of the Renaissance to the twentieth century. Its details are compendious, its illustrations lavish, and the amount of incidental criticism and illumination is remarkable in a work that is necessarily crowded. The social origin and the process of creating ornament concern Professor Hamlin as much as the finished product itself; the result is that he deals with the living art rather than with the mere physical litter, and by this method his vast resources in scholarship are assimilated. Professor Hamlin's work is unique in breadth and reach; within its boundaries, it leaves scarcely any part of the field untouched.

L. C. M.

MRS. WATTS's story of Luther Nichols² is an old favourite, cleverly transposed and elaborated to suit the prevailing modes. It is the familiar tale of the corruption of country innocence in domestic service, but the victim in this case is a man-servant who is more than willing to be seduced. This up-to-date Joseph Andrews finds his master's daughter more than a match for him. She provokes him, amuses herself with his ardent and gauche attempts upon her virtue, such as it is, and when he is wholly kindled skips away from the fire without a hair singed. The handsome chauffeur takes to drink and less difficult amours, and the efforts of an indulgent wife to save him from further deterioration are unavailing. The story is not sentimental, nor in any obvious fashion a moral tract; the author is not guilty of sermonizing from material so well adapted to homiletics; she creates from this material, skilfully and honestly, a highly competent novel of the standard variety.

E. T. B.

ANDERS ZORN is known best in America, perhaps, for his etchings; and here are one hundred and one reproductions of them.³ The half-tone process and the glazed buff paper take away some of their sharpness; but through it all the robust spirit of Zorn stands out, that of a man who was happy in reality, who took the world as he saw it and asked no more. Mr. Lang's introduction speaks of his youthful prodigality and exuberance; and, to tell the truth, these qualities never seem to have deserted him; rarely does Zorn feel the need in his art for more than the immediate scene can give him: his emotions are always on the point of his needle, and his needle conveys all that he is capable of experiencing. Zorn's popularity rests on two qualities: his skill as a craftsman and his health as a man. When the first quality wears a little thin, as it frequently does, there is always the second to fall back on, and in the series of nudes for which Zorn is justly appreciated he participates in the glowing vitality of his young girls and translates it accurately to the scratched surface. It is not altogether true to say that Zorn was a mere impressionist; for the things that he took impressions from betrayed himself, and permit us to have a share in his own joy and animation.

L. C. M.

THE collecting of rare books, once the passionate pastime and pleasure of lordly spirits and lonely souls, has now definitely become a business. Time was when a book-collector was the bibliomaniac riding a hobby-horse, like a simple child, for the mere purpose of having a good time all by himself. But the genius of the commercial spirit, ever searching for new

fields to subjugate, has discovered that the madness in buying and possessing first editions of famous authors could be healed into the sanity of buying and cornering stocks and bonds. It at once set about the healing work, and the collector of books is now on a proud parity with the collector of stocks. The Book Auction Mart has been rehabilitated on the principles of the Stock Exchange, and annual volumes of current prices of rare books are issued to guide the investor and speculator in making his ventures. Mr. W. H. Arnold's "Ventures in Book Collecting"⁴ affords an excellent illustration of this most interesting transmogrification. Mr. Arnold well names his book of reminiscences "ventures," since his collecting was a means to an end, and not an end in itself. He loved books and their association with the great men and women of literature, but he also loved the sport and the excitement of the sport. It is a pardonable feeling to take pride, as Mr. Arnold does, in the fact that he had the courage, in 1897, to pay \$116 for the proof-sheets of Browning's "Dramatis Personae" and "The Ring and the Book," when, at the sale of his library in 1901, these two books brought him \$1,135; that "Outre Mer," which cost him \$60, sold for \$310; that the first edition of Shelley's "Adonais," for which he paid \$150, sold for \$510. There is a double enjoyment to be experienced in such collecting—the enjoyment of the sport, and the enjoyment of the profit the sport brings with it. Certainly, Mr. Arnold had a good time in both, as any reader of his book will find. His book is engagingly chatty and tells the tales of his ventures with a simple directness and a naïveté of delight that appeal and disarm criticism. Collectors will find much in this book to take to heart, and also much to bear in mind.

T. S.

IN "The Hope of Happiness"⁵ Mr. Meredith Nicholson has written still another of those typical and topical stories of American life that are broadcasted in magazine-serial and book form and upon the screen of the moving-picture houses in virtually every city, town and village of the United States. The triple impact of such work as this, with its long reverberation through the press and the theatre, must have an enormous effect upon the hundreds of thousands of people it reaches—people who see in Mr. Nicholson and popular novelists of his school the very highest prestige of American letters. Most of them will behold with wistful admiration this latest bill-poster representation of the vulgarity and dreary frivolity of upper middle-class America, with its self-conscious "sport clothes," limousines and cocktail-shakers. With its author, the readers of this book will accept the illusion that it is a powerful moral tract, and sincerely enough they will make with him appropriate genuflexions to the God of the Puritans. But the chief appeal of "The Hope of Happiness" will come from its bright window-display of pretty women and "regular fellows" against a standardized country-club background, from its perfumed atmosphere of cheap flirtation over the cocktail-tray. It is a story of adultery, of which the hero himself is a fine fruit and the moral epilogue a conventionally bitter one. The tipsy "flapper" is here, and the sporting widow, a divorcee or two, the hard-boiled financier and his thin-blooded son, a preposterous blue-stocking ("Is not Yeats marvellous?"), and, of course, the athletic and priggish young man who can kiss over a steering-wheel and drink three cocktails before dinner without starting a landslide in his moral integrity. If Mr. Nicholson wrote his book to defend this integrity and to chide the times, he has written a very mild jeremiad. To be at all impressive a prophet must have had considerably deeper experience of good and evil than Mr. Nicholson or the "fast country-club set" of his story appear to have had, and sackcloth and ashes are more appropriate for the occasion than a properly cut "sport suit" of imported tweed. The worst of these wicked provincials of Mr. Nicholson's, however, do not deserve the ministrations of a prophet. They need a satirist who will exhibit their social futility and immature passion in such a light that the audiences in moving-picture houses will cease to view them with breathless wonder as splendid sinners and aristocratic wastrels.

E. T. B.

¹ "A History of Ornament: Renaissance and Modern." Vol. II; 464 illustrations and 23 plates. A. D. F. Hamlin. New York: The Century Co. \$5.00.

² "Luther Nichols." Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

³ "The Etchings of Anders Zorn." With an Introduction and Critical Notes by Ernest M. Lang. 101 Reproductions. New York: Empire State Book Co. \$4.00.

⁴ "Ventures in Book Collecting." W. H. Arnold. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

⁵ "The Hope of Happiness." Meredith Nicholson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

JUST as the element of anticipation is more stimulating and nourishing to the mind than realization, so promise, in intellectual and æsthetic matters, is more exciting than fulfillment when the latter represents nothing more than the product of normal expectations.

Every famous man is one who has ceased to be a man of promise. The FREEMAN shows due regard for the attainments of those who have "arrived" by printing occasional contributions from some of them, but its attitude toward ideas, as such, is a matter of record.

Faithful readers of this paper will note, upon retrospective analysis, that it was the anonymous writings, or those of able but obscure or unknown men and women, and not those of the "headliners" who are sometimes represented in our columns, which first engaged their interest and captured their admiration.

Steinmetz's satisfaction at producing the equivalent of a bolt of lightning differed little from the state of the FREEMAN's editors when they publish wise, gracefully expressed ideas or opinions by a previously unknown writer. This attitude of mind communicates itself to our readers, and constitutes one element of the *rappor*t between the FREEMAN and its supporters.

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